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NUMBER SEVEN

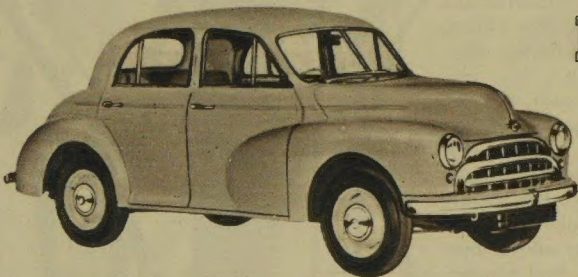
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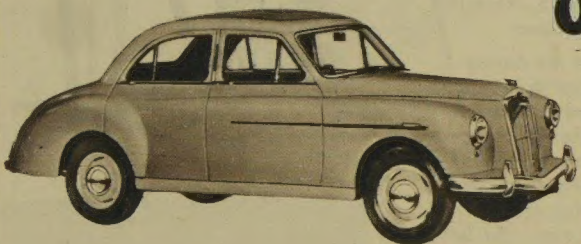
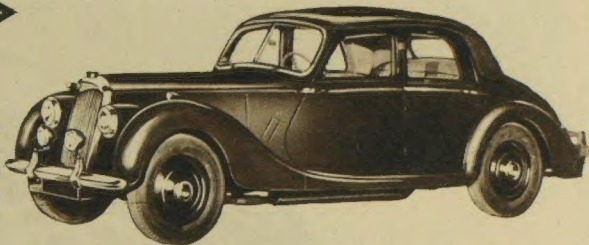


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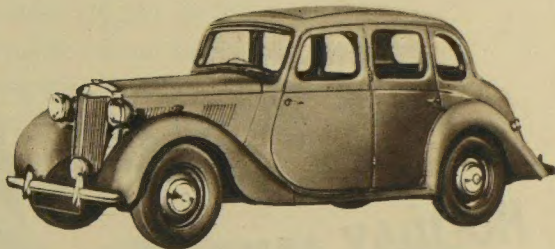


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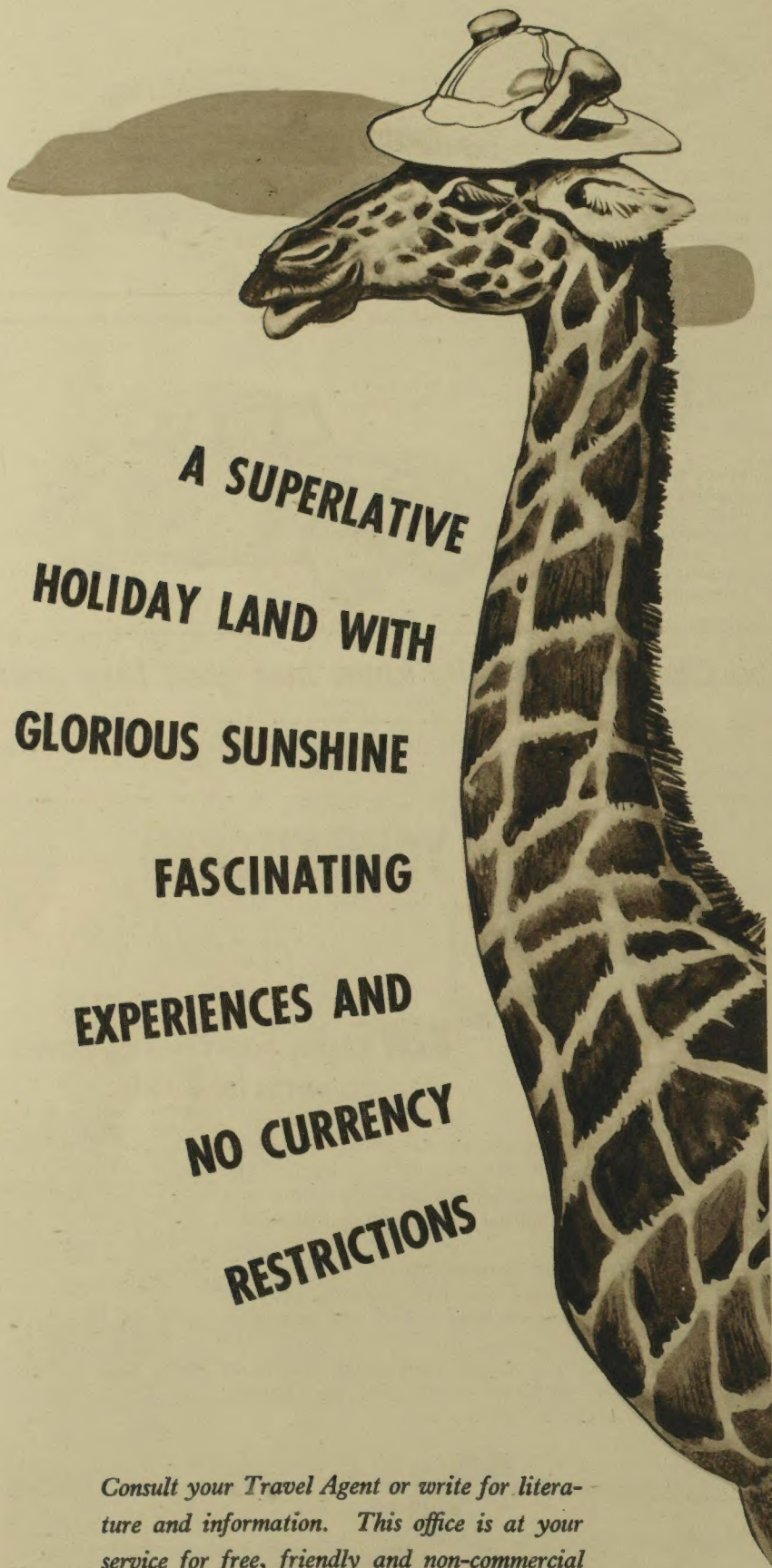
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Gentlemen Twins

—with a difference

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For when Boreas blows, Algernon cloaks his plaintive frame in cumbersome clouts. Look at the result! Bulky! Definitely not-well-dressed.

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(1886-1901)



What is teaconomy?

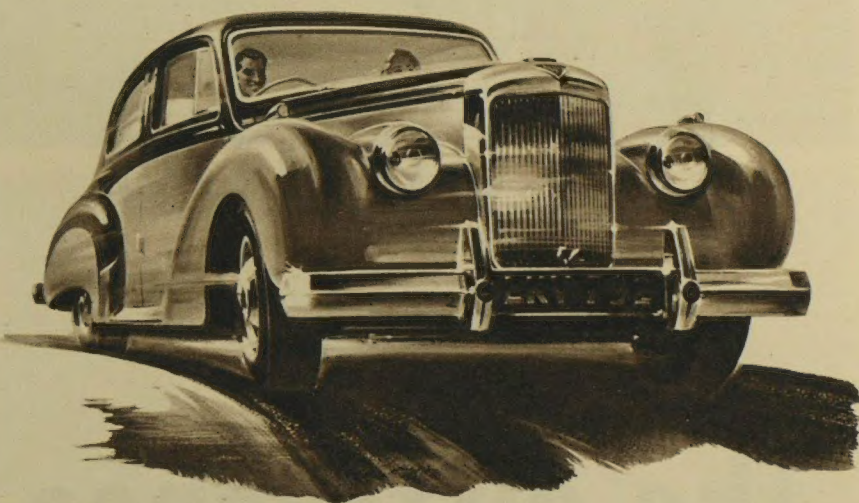
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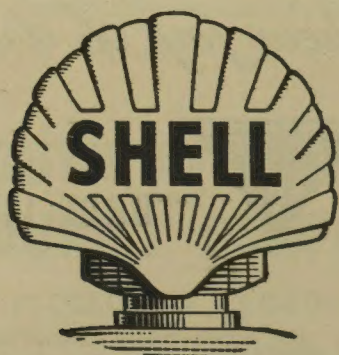
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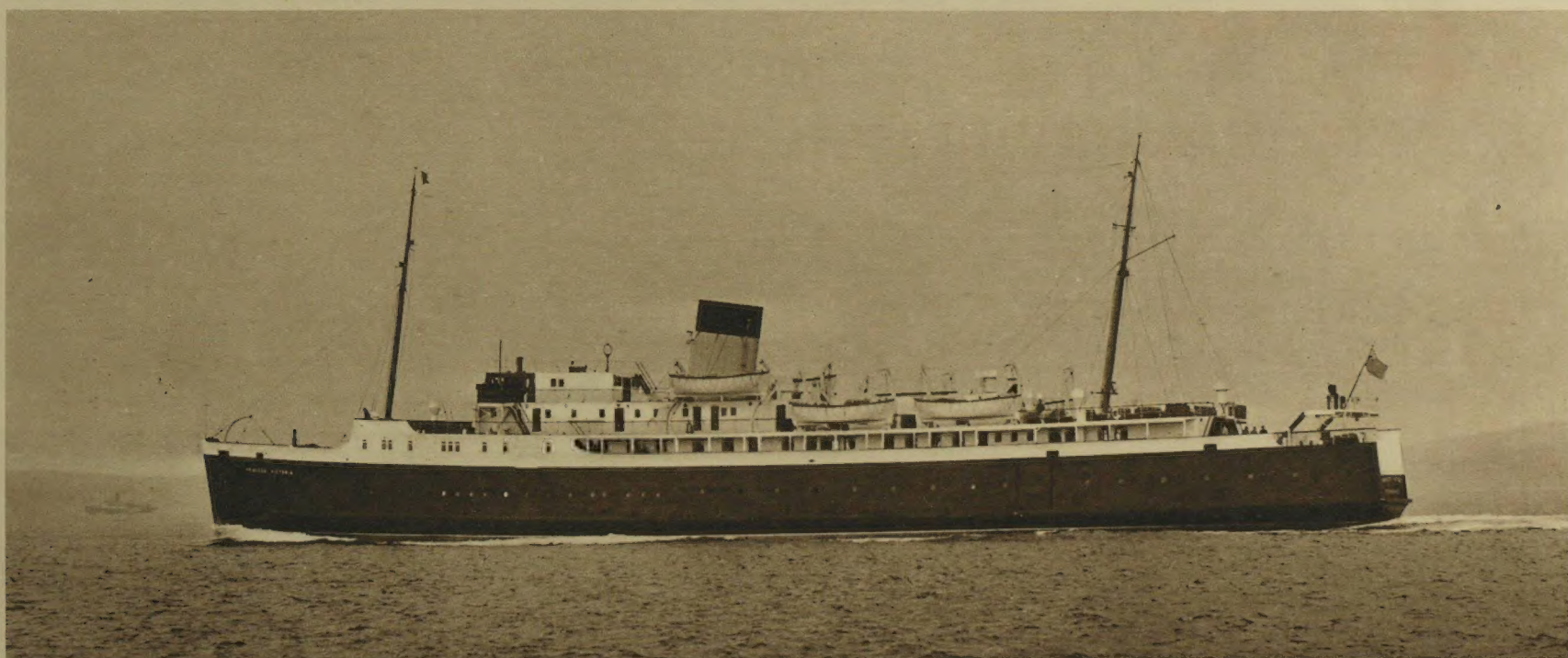
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1953.

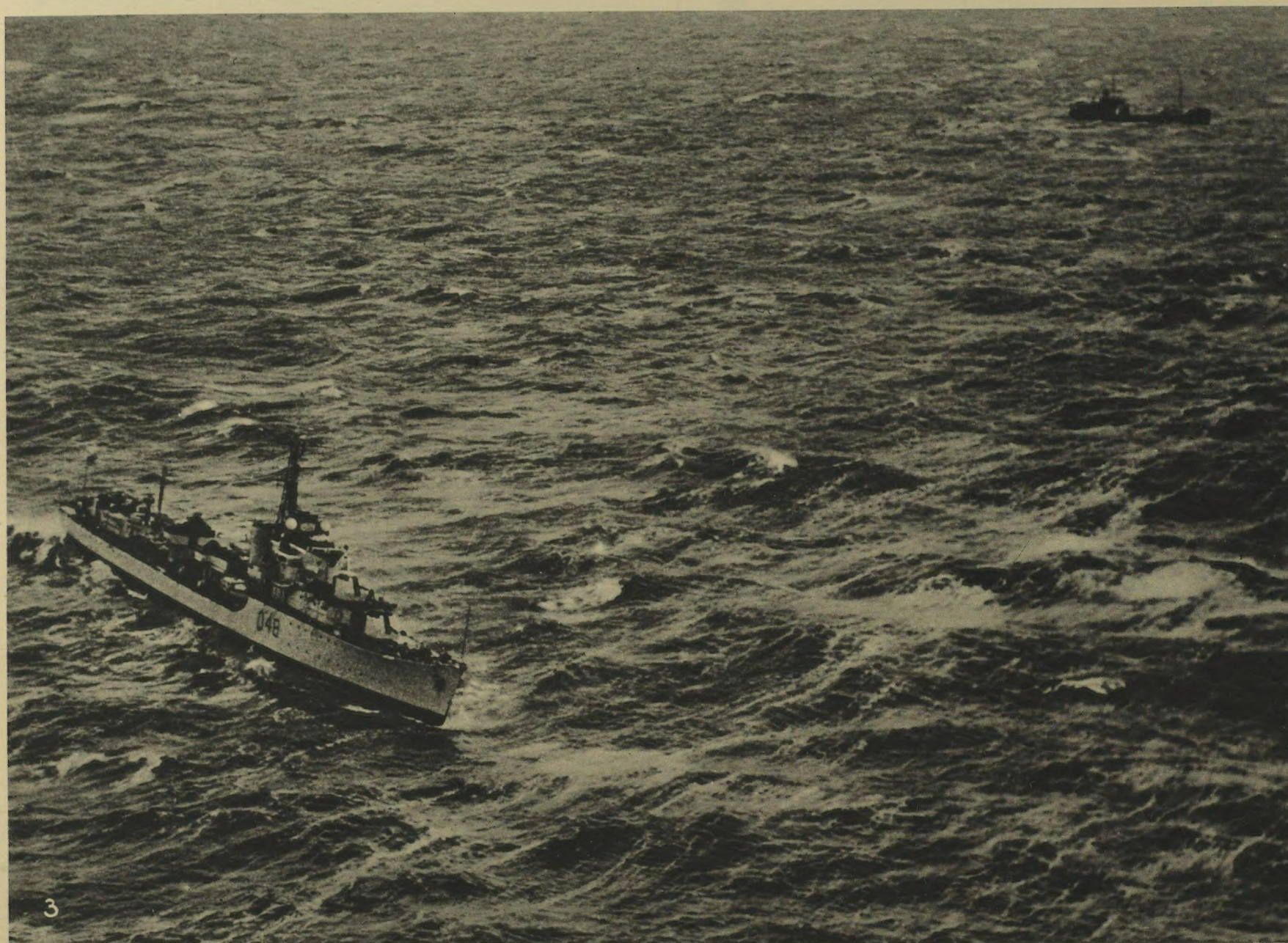


THE LOSS OF THE BRITISH RAILWAYS CAR-FERRY 'PRINCESS VICTORIA': (TOP) SURVIVORS IN A SHIP'S LIFEBOAT APPROACHING A TANKER STANDING BY, AND (BELOW) THE ILL-FATED VESSEL, PRINCESS VICTORIA.

On January 31 the British Railways car-ferry motor-vessel *Princess Victoria*, a ship of 2694 tons built on the Clyde in 1947 by Messrs. Denny, foundered in heavy seas ten miles off the coast of County Down, Northern Ireland, with a loss of 128 lives. There were only forty-four survivors, including ten of the crew, and none of the women and children aboard survived. Some of the women were placed in a lifeboat, but this was smashed against the hull of the sinking ship. The master of the vessel, Captain James Ferguson, went down on the bridge of his ship with his hand at the salute. The destroyer *Contest* and the Donaghadee lifeboat picked up a number of the survivors and a tanker discharged

oil on the waves to enable the rescue operations to be carried out. Because of the list, a number of the *Princess Victoria's* lifeboats could not be lowered, while others were smashed against her hull. The vessel left Stranraer, Wigtownshire, for Larne, County Antrim, at 7.45 a.m., and off Loch Ryan was struck by a heavy sea which burst open the car-loading doors in her stern and flooded the car deck. The engine-room was flooded and the *Princess Victoria* drifted south-westwards with a list to starboard. At about 1 p.m. Captain Ferguson gave the order "Prepare to abandon ship," and later the ship rolled right over and floated bottom up for a while before plunging beneath the surface.

THE "PRINCESS VICTORIA" DISASTER: SURVIVORS, RESCUERS, AND VICTIMS.



(1) SOME OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE *PRINCESS VICTORIA* BEING GIVEN FOOD AND DRINK BY THE MATRON AT THE BANGOR HOSPITAL, CO. DOWN. (2) A SURVIVOR BEING LANDED AT DONAGHADEE. (3) SEARCHING FOR SURVIVORS NEAR THE SCENE OF THE WRECK: THE DESTROYER H.M.S. *CONTEST* (LEFT), AND A TANKER. (4) MAJOR JOHN M. SINCLAIR, NORTHERN IRELAND MINISTER OF FINANCE AND DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER; AND (5) SIR WALTER SMILES, M.P. FOR NORTH DOWN IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, BOTH OF WHOM LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE DISASTER.

OUT of the 170 persons known to have been in the mail ferry *Princess Victoria*, when she foundered off the coast of County Down, there were only forty-four survivors, all men. The remainder, 128, including many women and children and the master of the ship, Captain James Ferguson, were all drowned. Among the bodies which had already been recovered at the time of writing were those of the Northern Ireland Finance Minister, Major J. M. Sinclair, and the Unionist Member, in the Westminster Parliament, for North Down, Sir Walter Smiles. A number of ships took part in the rescue work and in searching for survivors on rafts and wreckage, including the Donaghadee and Portpatrick lifeboats, the destroyer *Contest*, a tanker, a trawler, a collier, and the Liverpool-Belfast steamer. Oil was discharged in an attempt to provide calm water and R.A.F. aircraft from the Aldergrove station dropped rescue equipment. It has been made clear that there was no panic among the passengers and crew and that, when the order came to abandon ship, all were equipped with life-jackets. Despite this and despite the rapid arrival of rescue craft, it is clear that the very heavy death roll was due to the extreme violence of the sea which, with the list of the ship, made it almost impossible to launch lifeboats successfully, and also overwhelmed the great majority of those who swam or made their way to rafts or floating wreckage.





THE GRAVE OF THE *PRINCESS VICTORIA* : A VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER SHORTLY AFTER THE CAR-FERRY HAD PLUNGED BELOW THE SURFACE ; WITH RAFTS AND DÉBRIS RIDING THE WAVES AND A TANKER IN THE BACKGROUND.

Details of the disaster in which 128 persons lost their lives when the *Princess Victoria* foundered off the coast of Northern Ireland are given on our front page. Here we show the scene just after the ill-fated vessel had plunged below the surface. Only three lifeboats could be launched from the stricken ship and one of these was smashed against the hull in the heavy seas, but a number of rafts were put over the side, and to these the passengers clung until the cold forced them to relinquish their hold. Some of those who succeeded in getting on to the

rafts died from exposure before they could be picked up by the shore lifeboats and other vessels standing by. A number of people clung to the upturned hull of the car-ferry and went down with the ship. Rescue work in the gale and icy seas was extremely difficult, and it was only because of the oil discharged by a tanker which stood by that the Donaghadee lifeboat was able to take off survivors from one of the *Princess Victoria's* lifeboats. The disaster stresses the need for some device to enable lifeboats to be launched in safety from a listing ship.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

IN *The Times* recently there appeared a report of a speech made by a chief of the Shilluk tribe in the South Sudan to a gathering of tribesmen which read as follows. "Our people have been twice wasted by *Trucks* [Egyptians] and *Ansars* [followers of the Mahdi]. The English rescued us from the jungle. When there is famine the English bring grain to save us from hunger. Under the English our people have multiplied. Wars have been stopped. The English have given us security. We are still poor and under-educated. We should not be made to cross the river before we can swim. The English have sent our small boys to school. We are awaiting until they learn well. After that we shall know what to do about our country. We want the English to stay and help us. We do not want Turks or Arabs. If a man's wife is of good character they remain lifelong partners. We have suffered no injuries at the hands of the English. If the English must leave this country, then we must follow. Where the English go we will go."

In Britain to-day we are so used to being told by foreign demagogues—and by a good many, too, of our own—that we are a pack of hateful imperialists and exploiters, that it is hard to know what to make of this. The whole speech is so artless, the meaning of its simple language so unmistakable—unlike that of many more pretentious political speeches—and the feeling of kindness towards England so obviously sincere that we can scarcely believe our eyes. Are we really likeable after all? Cannot it be that those who denounce us so roundly and so often can be mistaken? How can we reconcile what Dr. Mossadeq and General Neguib shout so vehemently about us—to say nothing of even more strident foes beyond the Iron Curtain, and a good many candid friends in Chicago and elsewhere—with the words of the Shilluk chieftain? Why are we so detested in Cairo and Teheran, when we are so popular with the simple folk of Malakal? Can it be, as Charles II. said of a not very intelligent Anglican clergyman who persuaded a parish of nonconformists to go to church, that our sort of nonsense suits their sort of nonsense? Or what is the explanation?

The answer, I believe, is a simple one. The nationalist mobs in Cairo and Teheran hate the name of England and Englishmen because of what they have heard said about them. The people of the Upper Nile Province of the Sudan love the name of England and Englishmen because of what, in their own experience, Englishmen living in their midst have done. The people of Egypt for the past thirty years have been governed—or misgoverned, and we have General Neguib's word for it—by Egyptians. The people of the upper waters of the Nile have been governed by Englishmen. And because they are a very simple people, and very poor, and very far away, the Englishmen who have governed them have been allowed by English politicians and Civil Servants at home to govern them with consistent benevolence, justice and honesty and without interference. They have not been forced by remote but all-powerful orators and bureaucrats to promise things one day and next day break those promises, with a wealth of hypocritical special pleading and self-justification. They have been allowed in their day-by-day relations with a primitive native population to speak the truth, honour their word and deal justly, which, not to be boastful, is what a decent and educated Englishman, left to himself in a position of trust, usually does. And as a result they are so loved by the simple people among whom and for whom they have worked that the representatives of those people now address them in the words that Ruth used to Naomi: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest I will

lodge." If I was a member of the Sudan Civil Service employed in the Upper Nile Province of that formerly oppressed and war-riven, and to-day well-governed and peaceful, land, I should feel very proud, and very humble. And if I was one in authority in this country contemplating the handing of this people over to the control, direct or indirect, of the military bosses, politicians and contractors of Egypt, I should feel strangely uncomfortable. I should feel rather like a man who was trying to leave his dog to starve.

For half the story of the British Empire is the story of the hand held out by an honest and kindly man to help a brother—brown, black or yellow—who was in need of that hand. When James Brooke in 1841 refused to leave Sarawak and devoted the remainder of his life to save its people from

slavery, rapine, anarchy and head-hunting, he was merely doing what thirteen centuries of Christian teaching in a Christian land prompted a man of his race and type to do when faced with the spectacle of a vile oppression and its victims. He was doing what St. George in the legend did when he saw the Dragon. He did not leave those who appealed for his help to perish and be enslaved in the comfortable name of progress or corporate self-determination. He did what his heart and conscience told him he ought to do. And when a clever fool in the Imperial Parliament at Westminster denounced him, as clever fools sometimes do denounce such men, for "cruel and illegal conduct" in repressing piracy, the author of the "Romany Rye," who knew what was needed to stand up to a bully, gave the true reply. "What a vast deal," he wrote, "may be done with intellect, courage, riches, accompanied by the desire of doing something great and good! Why! a person may carry the blessings of civilisation and religion to barbarous, yet at the same time beautiful and romantic, lands; and what a triumph there is for him who does so! What a crown of glory! Of far greater value than those surrounding the brows of your mere conquerors. Yet who has done so in these times? Not many; not three, not two; something seems to have been always wanting. There is, however, one instance in which the various requisites have been united, and the crown, the most desirable in the world—at least which I consider to be the most desirable—achieved, and only one, that of Brooke of Borneo." A generation after that tribute was written, another and still greater and nobler than whom clever fools accused of being an imperialist stood awaiting his death on the walls of Khartoum because he had refused to abandon those who had put their trust in him and his country. We could do with a little of



RECEIVING THE QUEEN'S SUBSCRIPTION—THE FIRST MADE IN ANSWER TO THE APPEAL FOR £1,000,000 HE HAD JUST LAUNCHED ON BEHALF OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL IN THE JERUSALEM CHAMBER AT THE ABBEY.

On January 30, in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster Abbey, the Prime Minister launched an appeal for £1,000,000, the purpose of which is, in Mr. Churchill's own words, "the perpetuation of one of our most noble heritages, around which our institutions have grown and through which our faith and unflinching inspiration have been for so many generations expressed." The Prime Minister was introduced by the Dean, Dr. A. C. Don, and among those present were Mr. Attlee, Mr. Clement Davies, and six Commonwealth High Commissioners. The first subscriptions to the Appeal were those from the Queen and the Royal family, and these were handed to Mr. Churchill by one of the choristers. About a third of the total amount is to be devoted to the maintenance of the fabric, another third to immediate capital expenditure, and the remaining third to endowing the choir school and future capital expenditure. In the Dean's words: "In this Coronation Year, the eyes of the whole world will be focused on Westminster Abbey. The Abbey is in need of help, and now is the time to give it." Much of the exterior stonework of the Abbey is dangerously decayed, especially high up, and the interior needs cleaning and preserving against the corrosive effect of soot and grime.

Gordon's spirit in the world to-day. And we could do with a realisation that progress, humanity and civilisation depend not on whether this or that group of noisy and self-important politicians or dictators is allowed to oppress multitudes in the name of some high-sounding national or geographical abstraction, but whether men and women as individuals are secured from slavery, massacre, injustice, rapine, famine, disease and oppression. That was what the people of the Sudan were not secured from when the British soldiers and administrators rescued them from their terrible fate little over half a century ago. The words of another South Sudanese chieftain—of the Latuho tribe, also reported in *The Times*—are not without a profound relevance: "When the Arabs came here in the days before Sam Baker, they took our people away and sold them like chickens." Before we allow a military dictatorship to "liberate" a simple and trusting people from British "imperialism," we should do well to recall what their lot was when the "unity of the Nile Valley" under Egyptian rule was a reality.

ATOMIC WARFARE: IN TRAGIC RETROSPECT AND PRECAUTIONARY DISPLAY.



(ABOVE.)
STAGED BY HOME OFFICE AND SOUTH LONDON
CIVIL DEFENCE EXPERTS: A DEMONSTRATION
OF THE RESULTS OF AN IMAGINED ATOMIC
EXPLOSION 700 FT. OVER CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

A REALISTIC demonstration of what the results of an atomic bomb explosion over Clapham Junction would be was given at Clapham Baths by Home Office and South London Civil Defence experts before an audience including South London mayors. A canister was exploded over a scale map of South London laid on the floor; an "atomic mushroom" appeared over the ribbon symbolising the Thames, and later a brown patch was placed to mark the radio-active area of complete devastation which would have extended 1200 yards in a radius from Clapham Junction. In this "ground area" no person would have survived. Major damage and casualties would have been caused for a further mile and a half from the centre; and in an additional two miles' radius there would have been lesser damage. A corollary to this demonstration is provided by the "Hiroshima Ballet" to Tchaikovsky's "*Symphonie Pathétique*" created and staged in Tokio by two Japanese sisters who survived the atomic bomb explosion which devastated Hiroshima.

(RIGHT.)
CREATED AND PRESENTED BY SISTERS WHO
SURVIVED THE ATOMIC BOMB EXPLOSION AT
HIROSHIMA: A BALLET PRESENTING THE
EFFECTS OF ATOMIC WARFARE.





MURDERED IN HIS BED BY MAU MAU TERRORISTS: MICHAEL RUCK, AGED SIX-AND-A-HALF, WHOSE PARENTS WERE ALSO KILLED.



SHOWING THE WINDOW OF THE ROOM IN WHICH THE MURDERED BOY WAS FOUND (TOP, RIGHT): AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE FARMHOUSE IN THE NORTH KINANGOP AREA, WHERE THE RUCK FAMILY WERE KILLED ON JANUARY 24.



CONSOLING MR. RUCK'S SPANIEL: THE HOUSEBOY, WHO DISCOVERED THE BODIES OF THE RUCK FAMILY AND GAVE THE ALARM, AT THE FARMHOUSE.



A QUALIFIED DOCTOR WHO TREATED HUNDREDS OF AFRICANS: MRS. RUCK WITH HER SON, MICHAEL.



MARCHING ON GOVERNMENT HOUSE WITH A DEMAND FOR STERNER MEASURES AGAINST MAU MAU TERRORISTS: SOME OF THE 1500 WHITE SETTLERS WHO STAGED A DEMONSTRATION AFTER THE MURDER OF THE RUCK FAMILY.

MURDERED BY THE MAU MAU TERRORISTS ON JANUARY 24: MR. ROGER E. D. RUCK.



AT THE DOORS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN NAIROBI: THE PROTEST MARCHES DEMANDING TO SEE THE GOVERNOR AFTER THE MURDER OF THE RUCK FAMILY.



PACIFYING THE CROWD OUTSIDE GOVERNMENT HOUSE: MR. MICHAEL BLUNDELL, A MEMBER OF KENYA'S NEW EMERGENCY COUNCIL, REPORTING ON NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE GOVERNMENT.

"A VILE, BRUTAL WICKEDNESS": THE MURDER OF THE RUCK FAMILY BY MAU MAU TERRORISTS IN KENYA, A SHOCKING CRIME REDDEMED ONLY BY THE HEROISM OF AN AFRICAN HOUSEBOY.

Following the murder of two farmers, Mr. R. Bingley and Mr. C. H. Ferguson, by Mau Mau terrorists on January 1, and the attack on Mrs. Hasselberger and Mrs. Raynes-Simson on January 2, there were no further attempts on the lives of Europeans until the night of January 24. At about 9 p.m. Mr. Roger E. G. Ruck and his wife, Dr. Esme Ruck, were in the garden of their farmhouse in the

north Kinangop district, some twenty miles from Naivasha, when they were attacked by a gang of Mau Mau terrorists and slashed to death with pangas. A houseboy who apparently went to their assistance was also killed, and the gang then entered the farmhouse and broke open the locked door of an upper room where six-and-a-half-years-old Michael Ruck was sleeping. The child was killed



A PICTURE WHICH REVEALS THE FULL HORROR OF THE MAU MAU ATROCITIES IN KENYA: THE ROOM IN WHICH THE BODY OF MICHAEL RUCK WAS FOUND ON A BED; WITH THE CHILD'S TOYS AND MODEL RAILWAY LEFT READY FOR ANOTHER DAY OF PLAY WHICH NEVER CAME.



"INTO YOUR MIDST THERE HAS COME A VILE, BRUTAL WICKEDNESS OF SATANIC POWER": THE COFFINS OF THE RUCK FAMILY BEING CARRIED INTO THE CATHEDRAL AT NAIROBI FOR A MEMORIAL SERVICE, WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY A LARGE CROWD OF ALL RACES.

as he lay in bed. A young African employee carried the news of the murders to a neighbouring farmer, who telephoned to the police at Naivasha. On the following day European settlers marched on Government House and demanded to see the Governor. They were addressed by Mr. Michael Blundell, a member of the new Emergency Council, and then dispersed. On January 27 a memorial service

for the Ruck family was held in the Cathedral in Nairobi which was attended by a large congregation of all races. The Rt. Rev. L. J. Bescher, Assistant Bishop of Mombasa, in his address said: "Into your midst there has come a vile, brutal wickedness of satanic power which has unleashed in this land and is still at large." An unusual aspect of the crime was the heroism of the African houseboy.

"THE GREATEST ENGLISH POET OF HER SEX."

"ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING"; By DOROTHY HEWLETT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"WHAT porridge had John Keats?" asked Mrs. Browning's husband. The last thing he wanted was precise information on the subject: his eyebrows would have risen to join his hair had anybody offered it to him. Yet, so intent is the more serious type of modern biographer on the discovery and relation of utterly unimportant facts, that I shouldn't be in the least surprised were a new Life of Keats to appear, by an author resolved to "cover the ground," in which the momentous question of porridge should be thoroughly investigated. "At first," I conceive the hypothetical scholar as observing, "the problem seemed impossible of solution. Certain popular forms of breakfast-food could, of course, obviously be ruled out as not having been invented in Keats's day—or, indeed, until long after he was buried, close to Shelley in the shadow of the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, in that quiet Protestant cemetery at Rome. Many of our best-known cereals, such as Force, Grape-Nuts, Weeta-Bix, Beeta-Wix, Beeta-Bix and Weeta-Wix, were still in the womb of the future: and, in any event, it is unlikely that so accurate a man as Robert Browning would have thought of any of these products—nourishing though they doubtless all are, and some of them delectable—as 'porridge.' Quaker Oats itself, venerable though it (or they?) may seem to us, can scarcely have been more than a vague dream in the mind of some pious disciple of William Penn. To what then are we reduced?"

"Pretty definitely, even without the circumstantial evidence to which I shall shortly refer, to oatmeal. Other grains besides the oat have, of course, been used as constituents of porridge in various parts of the world. Rye porridge has been appreciatively noticed by all travellers in Lithuania; barley porridge is relished by the Hairy Ainus of Japan; and millet porridge is universally consumed by our Hindoo fellow-citizens of the Commonwealth—the doubtful use, by some anthropologists, of the term 'porridge' to describe a mess made by Australian aborigines out of slugs, frogs and snakes need not detain us here. But none of these comestibles has ever been popular in this country. Time was when even oatmeal was frowned upon: the Great Lexicographer, as every schoolboy knows, defines oats, in his famous Dictionary, as a food used 'in Scotland for men, in England for horses.' But Keats was born many years after that blunt definition was framed. Fashions had changed; and even in the absence of supporting evidence, it could reasonably be assumed that the brilliant boy was given some sort of oatmeal porridge for breakfast. But, as Robert Browning shrewdly inquired, what kind, what brand of oatmeal porridge?"

"The question might have remained for ever unanswered had it not been for one of those lucky strokes of fortune which sometimes come to the assistance of students of literature. Shortly after this work was first announced as being in preparation, there came to the author a letter bearing the postmark of Minnehaha, Mo. It was from the University Librarian of that flourishing city, and I had no sooner taken in its purport than 'Eureka!' I cried. It appears that Mr. Smith (for such is his name) was investigating a box of MSS. in the Jabez P. Bonk Collection, when he came across a bundle of Household Accounts with the name 'Abbey' on it. It suddenly flashed across his mind that Abbey was the name of the couple who acted as Keats's guardians after he

lost his parents. All sorts of little debits—suet, raisins, tea, coffee, etc.—were recorded in the bills, duly receipted, which had come to the Abbey family from a grocer in the Tottenham Court Road. But amongst all these items one stood out: 'Oatmeal, 4 lbs. 1/4,' and it flashed across Mr. Smith's mind that here might be the answer to Browning's question.

"It was true, he reflected, that Keats's guardian kept a livery stable, and the oats might have been for equine consumption. But, on second thoughts, it



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

From a daguerreotype taken at Le Havre in 1858. By courtesy of Mrs. Violet Allham.

Illustrations from the book "Elizabeth Barrett Browning," by courtesy of the publishers, Cassell and Co., Ltd.

occurred to him that persons ordering oats for horses do not order them in such small quantities, and certainly tend to purchase them rather at corn-chandlers' than at grocers'. It seemed

clear that the oats were for the household—'Nulli Secundus' was the description of them—and it was a reasonable deduction that the boy Keats was, at least partly, brought up on 'Nulli Secundus' oats."

All this was evoked from me by Miss Hewlett's earlier pages. There is so much detail about childhood which we could do without, and which could apply to almost anybody's childhood. "As firstborn, and in the right of her own delightful gifted little self, Elizabeth early became a child cherished and especially favoured. She had the privilege of visiting her father's room in the morning, scrambling up with an effort on the high white bed. Laughing, she would bury her head in his pillow and whisper

'Baissez-moi.' She seems to have spoken French, or, at least, some phrases, at a very early age, talking in that language, with a *venez-ici* or *couchez* to *Havannah*, a poodle who was supposed to understand French better than English. Elizabeth, looking back at this early and tender introduction to a foreign tongue, declared that she liked this kind of French far better than French verbs, an atrocious invention, 'probably Boney's own.' And again: "As they came to that precipitous hill on the old road beyond the Wyche, Bro. noticed that there was no drag-chain

to the carriage; but, having been driven down without one by a friend a few days before, Elizabeth urged her brother to take the risk. The pony, with the vehicle pressing behind him, rushed down the steep hill. Bro. cried out: 'Hold tight! don't touch the reins!' but Elizabeth, losing her head, seized hold of one. Soon they were all thrown out; fortunately landing on a bank at the side of the road. Only Henrietta sustained injury, and slightly, escaping with a bumped forehead and sprained ankle. A coach going by at that moment, Bro. put Henrietta inside and set off on foot with his two other sisters. Further on they came to the carriage, but the pony seems to have been out of action, or too frightened to handle. Bro. unharnessed him, tied him to a tree, and took the shafts of the carriage himself. He pulled Elizabeth along until, fearing he might be tired, she was getting out, when Mr. and Mrs. Boyd appeared. Poor Elizabeth, covered with dust, pelisse torn and bonnet bent, had no choice but to go up as boldly as possible to Mr. Boyd and hold out her hand. Mrs. Boyd, distressed over the accident, offered assistance at her house, but Elizabeth felt that she must deny herself the visit and go to Henrietta at the Trants' house."

Oh dear, oh dear! thought I as I waded through all this irrelevance and wished that all these biographers would either cut out, or drastically boil down, their accounts of their heroes' and heroines' childhood. But suddenly the book turned into the extremely lively "Life" of a poet instead of one more lumbering account of a Victorian Childhood.

Miss Hewlett has drawn upon "new sources." So far as I can make out her "new sources" have produced nothing of much interest. But what she has done is to tell once more, and intelligently and excitingly, the story of two poets who eloped and married each other, lived happily ever afterwards (until the woman prematurely died) and had so perfect a relationship that anybody who reads about it can not help loving them both.

Of course, there is a good deal here about Elizabeth Barrett's relationship to her father. Miss Hewlett takes a poor view of a play which was written about them: the father was not so grim as all that. Until just before she fled from his house they were on perfect terms. Two years before the elopement she

dedicated a book to him in terms which would delight any father; until he died she made constant efforts to restore contact with him. He sulked to the end; dodged her; refused even to answer her letters. His bitterness can not be excused; but it can be explained by the fact that he loved her not too little but too much, and became almost maniacally possessive. As one reads this fairly-told tale one is sorry not only for her, but for him.

The book sent me back to her poems. Extremely mixed they are: from the exquisite series of "Sonnets from the Portuguese" (no lovelier sonnet-sequence has ever been written since Shakespeare, and his sonnets make only a puzzling sequence) and the noble translation of "Prometheus Bound," to magazine verses which would hardly have been owned by Mrs. Hemans or "L.E.L." Some of them, effective at the time, about the Italian Risorgimento and the miseries of the Industrial Revolution, are out-dated: a poet who strays from permanent things and the creation, or reflection, of pure Beauty, in order to indulge in passionate journalistic propaganda about fleeting issues, does it at his, or her, peril. Enough remains to leave her, in spite of Christina Rossetti, Emily Brontë and Alice Meynell, the greatest English poet of her sex.



ROBERT BROWNING.

From the engraved portrait in "A New Spirit of the Age."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 216 of this issue.

* "Elizabeth Barrett Browning." By Dorothy Hewlett. Illustrated. (Cassell; 25s.)

THE ANGRY SEAS INVADE THE EAST COAST: A TRAGIC NATIONAL DISASTER.



CANVEY ISLAND, ESSEX, THE THAMES ESTUARY PLEASURE RESORT, WORST HIT OF ALL THE COAST TOWNS STRUCK BY THE SEAS ON JANUARY 31: A VIEW LOOKING NORTH TOWARDS BENFLEET, WITH A LARGE HOTEL IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND, AND IN FRONT OF IT THE THAMES ESTUARY SEA-WALL AND BEACH.

On the night of January 31 this country suffered the worst flood disaster it has known for many years, comparable to the inundations of 1703, when for days boats rowed through the countryside rescuing men and women from trees and roof-tops. High tides combined with violent winds resulted in a series of breaches being made in the defences and sea walls all along the east coast. The death-roll on February 2 was known to be as much as 272, and it was feared that the final total might amount to 300. The worst-hit areas were round the Thames Estuary. Canvey and Foulness Islands were completely inundated and rescue operations by small boats had already been undertaken in these areas when the Lord

Lieutenant of Essex called for help from owners of little craft. Harwich, flooded in places to a depth of 10 ft.; Great Yarmouth, Lowestoft and other coast towns suffered severely, while at Hunstanton the dead included a number of American Servicemen and their families. Thousands were rendered homeless, and from every quarter of the flooded districts poignant stories were recorded. Some were drowned in cars on the roads, dead were found on roofs or caught in trees, and families were marooned in flooded houses, crouching in lofts and upper storeys in their night attire. Public services were disrupted and fear of epidemics was an added anxiety. Other pictures of Canvey Island are given overleaf.

WHERE OVER A HUNDRED PEOPLE DIED IN THE FLOODS: CANVEY ISLAND; THE AREA WHICH SUFFERED THE MOST SEVERELY IN THE DISASTER.



FLOODED WELL ABOVE THE WINDOW-LEVELS: BUNGALOWS AT CANVEY ISLAND, ESSEX, WHICH WAS ALMOST COMPLETELY INUNDATED ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 31.



SHOWING HOW THE STREETS WERE TRANSFORMED INTO DEEP CANALS OF WATER: A VIEW OF CANVEY ISLAND, ESSEX, WHERE BY FEBRUARY 2, 100 WERE KNOWN TO HAVE DIED.



WALKING IN SINGLE FILE ALONG A RAISED STRIP IN THE FIELDS WHICH ESCAPED FLOODING: A MELANCHOLY PROCESSION OF CATTLE MAROONED ON CANVEY ISLAND.



SHOUTING TO MAKE SURE THAT NO ONE HAD BEEN LEFT IN THE HOUSE: A RESCUE WORKER STANDING KNEE-DEEP IN ROUGH WATER AT CANVEY ISLAND.



RESCUE BY SMALL BOATS: INHABITANTS OF CANVEY ISLAND, WHOSE POPULATION WAS ENTIRELY EVACUATED TO THE MAINLAND BY ARMY AND NAVAL DETACHMENTS, FIREMEN AND POLICE.



REFUGEES ARRIVING AT A REST CENTRE FROM CANVEY ISLAND: THEY ARE BEING ASSISTED OUT OF A LORRY BY MEN OF THE ROYAL CORPS OF SIGNALS.

Canvey Island, at the entrance to the Thames, was the area which suffered the greatest number of casualties and damage as a result of the terrible floods of the night of January 31, when the sea inundated the land at low-lying points from the Humber to Kent, bringing death and destruction over a far-flung area. Canvey Island, which is reached by a bridge over the creek, was

engulfed, and it was found necessary to evacuate the entire island population of some 13,000, many of whom occupy low-built bungalows, the Navy being called in to assist over the operation. The loss of life was heavy, and by Monday, February 2, it was reported that 100 bodies had been recovered, and that it was not possible to say what the death-roll would eventually amount to.

[Continued above, on right.]



CANVEY ISLAND AFTER THE INUNDATION: THE SEA WALL WAS BREACHED IN MANY PLACES, AND ANGRY WATERS SURGED IN, FLOODING ROADS AND GARDENS, AND ENGULFING HOUSES.

Continued.]

Up to the end of the seventeenth century, Canvey Island suffered regularly from floods, and a Dutchman named Joas Croppenburgh was asked to deal with the problem of erecting sea walls. He brought over Dutch workmen, and the so-called "Dutch Houses" of Canvey Island—octagonal cottages of a more or less uniform design, with thatched roofs and one central chimney—are a feature of the place. Our photographs give an idea of the magnitude of the disaster, which occurred with terrible suddenness. Many tragic events were recorded. A taxi-driver caught out in the floods swam back to his home, where his wife and children were marooned. As he reached the cottage, it collapsed on him; a military rescuer was evacuating a family by boat when he saw a baby floating by on a door. He dived to rescue it, but was struck in the back by driftwood and badly injured. The baby was found later, dead.



SHOWING HOW THE WATERS POURED BACK OVER THE SEA WALL AS THE TIDE WENT OUT: A VIEW OF CANVEY ISLAND. BY FEBRUARY 2 ONE HUNDRED BODIES OF VICTIMS HAD BEEN RECOVERED, AND OTHERS WERE SEEN FLOATING IN THE FLOODS.



THE QUEEN AT A RELIEF CENTRE IN KING'S LYNN DURING HER VISIT TO FLOODED AREAS AND TOWNS IN EAST ANGLIA. ON THE RIGHT CAN BE SEEN THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WHO, WITH THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, ACCOMPANIED THE QUEEN.

HER MAJESTY IN THE NORFOLK FLOOD AREAS, AND SOME SIDELIGHTS ON RESCUE WORK.



MANY CATTLE HAVE BEEN LOST IN THE FLOODS; AND HERE, AT KINGSFERRY BRIDGE, FARM HANDS ARE MASSAGING AND SLAPPING A COW TO REVIVE HER.



THE WIND AND HIGH TIDE FLOODED MANY THAMES-SIDE PARTS OF LONDON; AND HERE IS SHOWN THE RIVERSIDE WALK OF STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN WELL UNDER WATER.



AT MAGDALEN ROAD, IN NORFOLK, NEAR KING'S LYNN, WHERE THE RIVER OUSE, HELD UP BY THE HIGHEST TIDE EVER KNOWN, BURST OUT AND FLOODED GREAT AREAS.



WITH A NOTICE-BOARD ADDING A GRIM IRONY TO THE SCENE: RESCUE WORKERS WITH A BOAT EVACUATING A FLOODED-OUT FAMILY FROM JAYWICK, NEAR CLACTON. THIRTY-FOUR LOST THEIR LIVES AT JAYWICK.



AT A BENFLEET REST CENTRE FOR EVACUEES FROM CANVEY ISLAND. THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO HAVE PASSED THROUGH THE CENTRE ARE CHALKED ON THE BLACKBOARD TO REASSURE NEW ARRIVALS OR ANXIOUS RELATIVES.

As rescue work went on through February 1 and 2 in the East Coast areas stricken by what are described as the worst sea-floods since the sixteenth century, something of the magnitude of the disaster became apparent. Casualty lists, official but incomplete, were published and made it clear that in loss of human life Essex had suffered most, with Norfolk next. What was the loss in household property, industrial plant, stock and poultry, crops and farm buildings, it was impossible to assess, although grim reports from observers who had flown over the areas painted a terrible

picture. At the time of the storm her Majesty was at Sandringham, and on February 2, together with the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester, she paid a visit to several areas in Norfolk which had been hard-hit. Later in the day the Duke of Edinburgh, with an R.A.F. instructor from the Bircham Newton station, flew over some of the flooded areas. On February 2 an emergency committee of Ministers, presided over by Mr. Harold Macmillan, met to discuss plans for aid in the flooded areas and a Commons statement was expected later.

THE SEA'S DEVASTATION IN THE THAMES: SHEERNESS AND SOUTHEND.



THE DEVASTATION IN SHEERNESS NAVAL DOCKYARD, WHERE FLOOD-WATER FILLED THE MAIN BASIN AND OVERFLOWED INTO THE DRY-DOCKS: IN THE NEARER DOCK, THE FRIGATE *BERKELEY CASTLE*, WHICH WAS SWEEPED OFF ITS SHORING AND CAPSIZED; IN THE FARTHER, THE SUBMARINE *SIRDAR* LIES FOUNDERED, THE SHORING TIMBERS FLOATING ON THE SURFACE.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF PART OF SOUTHEND, SHOWING EXTENSIVE FLOODED AREAS BEHIND THE SEA-FRONT (RIGHT). IN COMMON WITH NEARLY ALL THE ESSEX COAST, SOUTHEND SUFFERED HEAVY DAMAGE, AND SIX PEOPLE ARE KNOWN TO HAVE DIED IN THE FLOODS. FROM SOUTHEND, RESCUE OPERATIONS TO FOULNESS ISLAND WERE PLANNED.

In the first survey of the immense damage done on the night of January 31-February 1 by the sea-floods which battered the east coast of England, it was thought that the greatest damage was done and the greatest loss of life suffered on both sides of the Thames Estuary. On the Kent side the Naval Dockyard at Sheerness was flooded and two naval vessels—the submarine *Sirdar* and the frigate *Berkeley Castle*—which were shored-up on timbers in two dry-docks—were torn off their shoring by the water and the frigate was capsized and the

submarine foundered (with a number of plates open). Also on the Kent coast, heavy damage by flood-water was suffered by the new Isle of Grain refinery and the Dartford power station. On the low-lying Essex coast, damage to life and property was even more drastic, and photographs and reports of hard-hit Canvey Island and Foulness Island appear on other pages. The new Coryton oil refinery, near Canvey Island, which had just come into production, suffered heavy damage, following a break in sea walls never previously breached.



(ABOVE.) SHOWING THE DÉBRIS OF HOUSES AND OUTBUILDINGS LEFT BY THE RECEDING SEA: AN AIR VIEW AT CLEY-NEXT-THE-SEA, ON THE NORFOLK COAST.

THE GREAT FLOOD FOLLOWS THE GREAT GALE: SCENES ON THE EAST COAST.



FLOODING AT LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK: THE RISING WATERS POURING THROUGH A GAP IN A BANK, DESPITE THE REINFORCEMENT OF SANDBAGS, AND INUNDATING THE FIELDS.

THE great gale on January 31 was accompanied by high seas which breached the sea defences on the East Coast and inundated large areas of land, rendering hundreds of people temporarily homeless and doing much damage, accompanied by loss of life. On this page we show scenes in Suffolk, Norfolk and Lincolnshire, where it was reported on February 2 that the death-roll was 45, 48 and 38 respectively, although these figures were believed not to be complete, as many more people were still unaccounted for. Nearly 1000 people were evacuated from King's Lynn, where flood-water invaded the town and in some places reached a depth of 6 ft. This is the first time that the River Ouse has ever broken over its banks. Wells and Cley-next-the-sea, also in Norfolk, suffered severely from flooding. The sea broke in behind Cley to a depth of four to five miles inland, demolishing a number of houses and causing other damage.

(RIGHT.) A WASTE OF WATERS ON THE LINCOLNSHIRE COAST: A VIEW OF THE FLOODED FIELDS AND CARAVAN SITES AT SUTTON-ON-SEA ON FEBRUARY 1.



FLOODING CAUSED BY HIGH SEAS ALONG THE NORFOLK COAST: THE RAILWAY STATION AT WELLS, TWENTY MILES FROM SHERINGHAM, UNDER WATER ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 1.



WHERE AT LEAST FIFTEEN PERSONS LOST THEIR LIVES AND HUNDREDS WERE EVACUATED FROM THEIR HOMES: A FLOODED STREET IN KING'S LYNN, NORFOLK.

THE GREAT STORM: SCENES IN LINCOLNSHIRE, ESSEX AND KENT.



AT SKEGNESS, IN LINCOLNSHIRE, WHERE THE SEA DEFENCES WERE TORN DOWN BY THE GALE: CARAVANS OVERTURNED AND HURLED TOGETHER BY THE STORM.



RESCUING PEOPLE FROM THE UPPER FLOORS OF NELSON ROAD: A SCENE IN WHITSTABLE, KENT, WHERE MANY ROADWAYS WERE SUBMERGED BY THE FLOODS.



'FLOOD-WATERS' STRETCHING AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE: AN AERIAL VIEW NEAR TRUSTHORPE, ON THE LINCOLNSHIRE COAST, ON THE MORNING OF FEBRUARY 1.

The worst flood since the 1897 disaster came to Whitstable on the night of January 31, when huge waves crashed over the new defence wall and a great area of the lower part of the town was turned into an inland sea. Hundreds of families were marooned in the upper storeys of their houses, more than 500 being rescued by boat on February 1, when daylight revealed a scene of devastation. On the Lincolnshire coast sea walls were broken at various points and flooding inland



HUDDLING TOGETHER FOR WARMTH AND PROTECTION FROM THE ENCROACHING WATERS: CATTLE ON FOULNESS ISLAND, IN ESSEX, WHICH WAS ALMOST SUBMERGED BY TIDAL WAVES.

occurred to a depth of four miles. At Skegness the promenade and festival gardens were inundated. The twelve miles of coast from Saltfleet to Ingoldmells was the worst-hit area; Mablethorpe and Sutton-on-Sea had to be largely evacuated, nearly every street being flooded. Foulness Island, in Essex, was almost submerged by huge tidal waves which swept through the sea walls. At first many casualties were feared but, at the time of writing, the reports give rise to optimism.



THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE PRINCESS VICTORIA: A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SCENE, SHOWING THE VESSEL LISTING TO STARBOARD, WITH THE SEAS POURING THROUGH THE STERN FREIGHT DOORS.

Details of the disaster in which the twin-screw motor-ship *Princess Victoria* foundered ten miles off the coast of Northern Ireland, with the loss of 128 lives, are given on other pages in this issue. Here our Special Artist has depicted the last moments of the stricken ship, a reconstruction based on survivors' accounts. The vessel was used as a car-ferry and the vehicles were loaded on to the car deck through doors in the stern. Shortly after leaving the shelter of Loch Ryan, on the way to Larne from Stranraer the *Princess Victoria* was struck by a

number of huge waves, the first of which, according to one of the survivors, Able Seaman Malcolm McKinnon, stove in the stern freight doors, while following waves flooded the car-deck and engine-room, giving the ship a 10-deg. list. He said: "I and four others tried desperately to close the freight doors. But they were jammed and we had to give up." Requests for assistance were sent out and a number of vessels set out to aid the *Princess Victoria*. As the position deteriorated, the master of the ship, Captain James Ferguson, announced over

the loud-speaker that the ship was going through a severe crisis and asked passengers to assemble with life-jackets provided for them on the top deck. At about 1 p.m. Captain Ferguson gave the order, "Prepare to abandon ship," and attempts were made to launch the ship's lifeboats in the heavy seas. Those on the port side could not be swung out owing to the list, but three on the starboard side were lowered and into one of these women and children, wrapped in blankets, were placed. This boat was dashed against the hull of the *Princess*

Victoria and the occupants were thrown into the icy sea. Rafts were put over the side and the ship later lay right over on her side—"The *Princess Victoria* looked like the *Flying Enterprise*"—and one of the crew caught a last glimpse of Captain Ferguson. "He stood there on the bridge, quite still, gripping the rail with one hand, while his other was at the salute." The *Princess Victoria* turned bottom-up and sank amid the fury of the gale, leaving her passengers and crew struggling in the water.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., AND BASED ON SURVIVORS' ACCOUNTS.



THE ESSEX BUNGALOW TOWN OF JAYWICK, NEAR CLACTON, AFTER THE SEA HAD SWEEPED OVER IT: 600 PEOPLE HAD TO TAKE REFUGE ON ROOFS AND SUN BALCONIES UNTIL THEY WERE RESCUED BY SMALL BOATS, AFTER THE FLOOD-WATER HAD SWIRLED INTO THEIR HOUSES; AND THIRTY-FOUR WERE ON FEB. 2 REPORTED DEAD.



SHOWING THE ASPECT OF THE TOWN AFTER THE FLOODS: AN AIR VIEW OF FELIXSTOWE, WHERE THE RIVER ORWELL BROKE ITS BANKS AND INUNDATED A PREFABRICATED HOUSING ESTATE NEAR THE SEA, WITH A LOSS OF AT LEAST TWENTY-ONE LIVES.

SUFFOLK AND ESSEX TOWNS ENGULFED: THE STRICKEN RESORTS OF FELIXSTOWE AND JAYWICK, UNDER WATER.

The suddenness of the flood disaster which overwhelmed numerous East Coast towns on the night of January 31 added to its horror. People peacefully sleeping in their beds in places such as the bungalow town of Jaywick, near Clacton, Essex, which is situated below sea-level, suddenly awoke to find water swirling round their rooms, and had to seek safety on sun balconies or roofs until rescued by small boats. Few had time to put on warm clothing and all

suffered from exposure. Felixstowe suffered considerably when the River Orwell broke its banks and flooded a prefabricated housing estate near the sea. At the time of writing, twenty-six persons are known to have died, and it was feared that a number were still imprisoned in their houses. Felixstowe R.A.F. base was cut off, but no casualties were reported. A number of cattle and other farm animals were lost.



A FLOODED NORFOLK SEAPORT: GREAT YARMOUTH ON FEBRUARY 1, SHOWING RAILWAY COACHES, TRUCKS AND ENGINES MAROONED BY THE FLOOD AND WHOLE BLOCKS OF HOUSES STANDING WINDOW-DEEP IN SALT WATER. IT WAS THE TOWN'S WORST FLOOD FOR FORTY-TWO YEARS.

MANY villages and towns on the Norfolk coast suffered unprecedented devastation and flooding during the great storm on Jan. 31/Feb. 1. At Great Yarmouth the flood was described as the worst for forty-two years. Farther up the Norfolk coast two small seaside villages, Cley and Salhouse, were almost devastated. Shortly before dusk a high tide, driven by a gale, rose almost without warning. Within fifteen minutes it had flooded homes and shops on either side of the main coastal road which runs through both villages. The occupants of houses were driven to upper floors, and on to roof-tops. Some were rescued by boat, while others waited until the water subsided to be helped to safety. At near-by Blakeney the sea rushed inland over the salt marshes and destroyed the fishing-boats in the harbour as well as causing widespread damage to property near the quay and farther inland.



A DEVASTATED NORFOLK VILLAGE: SALTHOUSE, ON THE COAST ROAD BETWEEN SHERINGHAM AND BLAKENEY, WHERE SOME THIRTY HOUSES WERE COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED BY THE STORM. GAPING HOLES WERE TORN IN 18-INCH-THICK FLINT WALLS.

IN THE WAKE OF THE GREAT STORM: SCENES ON THE NORFOLK COAST AT YARMOUTH AND SALTHOUSE.

THE majority of the regiments of the British Army have published historical records of some sort: good, bad or indifferent. A large proportion had done so before the First World War. These then produced a second volume covering that feature of their career, and some of them have since produced a third, dealing with the inter-war years and the Second World War. "But some there be that have no memorial." Among them was that great fighting regiment, the Royal Irish Fusiliers. To my mind, this has proved to be to its advantage in the long run. Works devoted entirely to the record of a regiment in a single war are apt to make heavy reading, except for those most immediately interested. Frankly, I find the story of the old wars by far the better reading, and that they help to season the two World Wars. Here we have the history of the Royal Irish Fusiliers from 1793 to 1950. It is the whole picture at a glance. The narrative of the two World Wars is—dare I say mercifully?—more compressed than would have been the case had it been presented in two separate volumes. Here we see the regiment as a whole, in all its triumphs and vicissitudes.*

It is only fair to point out that the writing of regimental history a century old, and still more a century and a half, is a more formidable task than dealing with the two World Wars. In the latter case, diligence and some talent for arrangement are the chief requirements. It may be an advantage to be a trained historian, but it is not a necessity. The old wars, on the other hand, insistently demand historical training. Here the writer has to know or to learn where to find much of his evidence. He has to assess the value of diaries and letters. He has to reconstruct battles from indifferent maps on battlefields which have in some cases changed almost out of recognition—woods cut down, buildings in what was then ploughland, marshes dried, rivers sometimes running in different courses. Mr. Marcus Cunliffe is well furnished at all points. As a young officer who got on fast in the Second World War, he has modern military experience. On the academic side, as my name appears, I will quote from the foreword by the Colonel of the Regiment, General Sir Gerald Templer: "On the advice of my friend Captain Cyril Falls, Chichele Professor of the History of War at Oxford University, we chose Marcus Cunliffe, a young historian who had only recently won a First in History at that University."

I agree with Sir Gerald Templer that the historian has produced a book worthy of its subject. The record of the Regiment is not only good but also most interesting, and he has made it come to life.

It is a regiment with strong characteristics. From time to time we find its battalions—separate regiments until 1881—inclined to be unruly and hard to handle, sometimes getting bad reports from inspecting officers for drunkenness, but in their best periods and under their best commanding officers remarkably smart and soldierly. They were virtually always hard-fighting troops. As was to be the case in later wars, new battalions were formed in those waged against the Napoleonic Empire. And, curiously enough, it is in the main from the short-lived 2/87th that the most famous traditions of the Regiment are derived. If one battle can be said to hold an exceptionally glorious place in the regimental annals, it is that of Barossa, in 1811. At "bright Barossa," too, the 2/87th was led by the most famous figure in those annals, later to become Field Marshal Lord Gough, whose name is still commemorated in the title of the barracks at Armagh. There the shouts of "Faugh-a-Ballagh! Faugh-a-Ballagh!" ("Clear the way!" the regimental motto) rang out in the devastating charge. There Sergeant Patrick Masterson took the Eagle, ever since associated with the Regiment.

The other temporary battalion, the 2/89th, was in that period engaged in a "side-show" which has no better name than "the war of 1812," and in a part of it little remembered in our country, though never forgotten in Canada. It fought at Chrysler's Farm, at which only one other British regiment was represented, stopped the American advance on Montreal, and won high honour, though not a battle honour. It bore the brunt of the affair of Lundy's Lane, overlooking Niagara Falls, as ferocious an action

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

as ever was fought, in which its losses exceeded 60 per cent. of its strength. Any regiment might be proud to have participated in this fighting, not merely because so few shared in it, but also because it was of such vital significance to the future of Canada. Meanwhile the 1/87th and 1/89th had fought in Flanders in the early stages of the war, but had for the most part served in distant campaigns. The former was on the whole unlucky in that conflict and came in for the miserable South American expedition, in which its good fighting qualities were fruitless.



HIS LATE MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI., COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE 11TH HUSSARS, INSPECTS THE REGIMENT NEAR TRIPOLI, JUNE 21, 1943. (L. TO R.) LIEUT.-COLONEL SMAIL; H.M. THE KING; GENERAL ERSKINE AND GENERAL MONTGOMERY.

Reproduced from the book "The Eleventh at War," by courtesy of the publisher, Michael Joseph.

I shall not attempt to follow the complex story further. Some of it which concerns the First World War comes home to me vividly. For instance, it is mentioned that on the night of March 26, 1918, the advancing Germans shot up a car and captured it with its occupants, who included the officers commanding the 1st and 9th Battalions of the Regiment. Divisional headquarters, then practically in the front line, was moving back that night, and, before the



IN 1866, THE YEAR IN WHICH, ON APRIL 5, QUEEN VICTORIA VISITED ALDERSHOT "TO PRESENT NEW COLOURS TO THE REGIMENT, SINCE THE ONES SHE HAD PRESENTED AT PLYMOUTH 33 YEARS BEFORE, WHICH HAD BEEN CARRIED IN THE WEST INDIES, CANADA, THE CRIMEA, IN SOUTH AFRICA, AND INDIA WERE NOW, UNDERSTANDABLY ENOUGH, WORN OUT": THE SERGEANT-MAJOR, COLOUR-SERGEANTS, AND SERGEANTS OF THE 89TH. THE QUEEN COMMANDED THAT THE 89TH FOOT MIGHT HENCEFORTH BEAR THE TITLE OF "PRINCESS VICTORIA'S REGIMENT."

The photograph of the portrait of General Sir John Doyle and the above photograph are reproduced from the book "The Royal Irish Fusiliers, 1793-1950," by courtesy of the publishers, The Oxford University Press.

G.S.O.I of the division decided to take the two regimental officers up to their troops, I was to have travelled with him. At the last moment he called to me that, if my horses were not finished—which they nearly were—I should ride back. As the night was mild and damp and I had a raincoat, I threw him my "British warm," which passed into German hands instead of its owner. I remember the commanding officer of the 1st Battalion, Lieut.-Colonel Furnell, as a brilliant horseman and race-rider, by far the most successful in the history of the Regiment. The prisoners, fortunately, were freed by final victory some eight months later.

Mr. Cunliffe has handled his material well and made good use of sources such as the War Office papers in the Public Record Office. He has included some valuable appendices. Inniskillings may smile a little grimly at his praise of the generosity of their Colonel, the late Sir Archibald Murray, who saved the Royal Irish Fusiliers from disbandment by agreeing that the second battalions of both regiments should be sacrificed and the first linked under the Cardwell system. It is to be feared that they did not at the time regard this chivalrous action altogether favourably. Yet all of them will agree that in the long run his action was justified, since it saved a fine regiment

from extinction. If one cannot pretend that the two regiments were easy bed-fellows during the period before the Second World War, one can say in all sincerity that no two in the Army would have got on better together in difficult circumstances than these Royal Regiments of Fusiliers.

It is perhaps unfair to have started off by stating my preference for a regimental history covering a long span of years when I intended later on to deal with one covering the period only from 1934 to 1945. The 11th (or, as the Regiment prefers it, XIth) Hussars have a distinguished ancient record, including Salamanca, Waterloo and Balaklava. Here, however, the historian, Brigadier Dudley Clarke, is concerned only with a brief spell in Egypt, including the desert which the Regiment was to know so well when the war came, the pre-war Palestine trouble—bad enough, but nothing like the post-war—and the Second World War. The best amends I can make to the historian is to say, which I can honestly, that he is a most lively and readable writer, not only vigorous but possessed of a genuine sense of style. He brings the spirit of the Regiment to life. Naturally, the detail is more minute than in Mr. Cunliffe's pages dealing with the Second World War, but it should be added that few regiments had a more active war than the "Cherry-Pickers." They found themselves engaged in the war with Italy at the earliest possible moment, and won a name at the very outset.

Taking into consideration the relative strengths on both sides of the African frontier when Italy entered the war, the early performances of the 11th Hussars might be described as impudent. For the first offensive action, the force detailed consisted of "the 11th Hussars, the light tanks of the 7th Hussars, and a single company of the 2nd K.R.R.C. under Brigadier J. A. L. Caunter of the 4th Armoured Brigade. In numbers it was scarcely an impressive instrument to frustrate the grandiose invasion plans of Mussolini, but it was all the division could manage to maintain in a field of operations that lay 120 miles in front of the supply railhead." There can be little doubt that the boldness displayed in that early fighting delayed the Italian advance and induced caution in the Italian command when the advance did take place. The Regiment played its part in the brilliant counter-offensive which began with the battle of Sidi Barrani. It proved that its doctrine of the rôle of armoured cars had been correct.

Then came some evil days, with the arrival of the formidable Afrika Korps. Nothing went altogether right in those times. The Regiment itself was handicapped by an unsatisfactory armoured car of which

the very name, Marmon-Harrington, is now virtually forgotten. The Humber which succeeded it was an improvement, though it had an under-powered engine. It was with this vehicle that it fought in the offensive coded as "Crusader," better known as the Battle of Sidi Rezegh. If ever there was a touch-and-go battle it was this, and the final British victory came as a surprise to both sides. It was dogged as did it. After Rommel had returned to the offensive, the Regiment had one of those curious interludes typical of the Middle East theatre of war, where dangers often appeared in rear, hundreds of miles from the scene of the vital battles. This was spent in Persia and Iraq, and it was that the 11th Hussars



"JOHN DOYLE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN ONE OF THOSE MEN WHO ARE A RARE COMBINATION (THE COMBINATION IS PERHAPS LESS RARE IN IRELAND THAN ELSEWHERE) OF COURAGE, WIT, ELOQUENCE AND SHREWDNESS, ALWAYS CATCHING THE EYE WITH SOME PIECE OF AUDACITY, IN BATTLE AND BALLROOM ALIKE": GENERAL SIR JOHN DOYLE, BT., G.C.B., K.C., THE FIRST COLONEL OF THE 87TH AND THE MAN WHO RAISED THE REGIMENT. BORN IN 1756, HE DIED IN 1834. THE 89TH WAS RAISED BY COLONEL (LATE MAJOR-GENERAL) WILLIAM CROSBIE.

From an oil-painting presented to the Regiment by Lord North in 1894.

missed the devastating defeat inflicted on the Eighth Army by Rommel and hurried back to the scene of action only after he had been halted on the Alamein line.

The new commander of the Army, General Montgomery, was little known to most of the troops who composed it, but an old friend of the 11th Hussars from the days of the rebellion in Palestine. And from August, 1942, until the end of the war they were destined to fight under his orders. They took part in the Battle of Alamein and the advance to Tripoli. They were first into Tunis. They went on to Italy. They landed at Courseulles—where I have eaten oysters—on June 9 and 10, 1944. "Break-through to Belgium," "Winter in Holland," "Victory in Germany" and "The End" are the titles of the last four chapters. It is a full story. Both the volumes I have reviewed are handsomely produced and well illustrated. It must be confessed, however, that the increased costs of books of this type are startling. "Welsh Guards at War," with a number of excellent coloured illustrations, cost 25s. in 1946. These volumes are rather longer, but the advance from 25s. to 42s. is certainly formidable.

* "The Royal Irish Fusiliers, 1793-1950." By Marcus Cunliffe. (Oxford University Press; 42s.)

† "The Eleventh at War: Being the Story of the XIth Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) through the Years 1934-1945." By Brigadier Dudley Clarke, C.B., C.B.E. (Michael Joseph; 42s.)

THE WORST FLOODS FOR 400 YEARS: SCENES IN THE NETHERLANDS.



HELPLESS VICTIMS OF THE FLOODS IN HOLLAND: HORSES STRANDED AMID THE WASTE OF WATERS ON WALCHEREN ISLAND ARE LOCATED FROM THE AIR.



WAVING A FLAG TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE CIRCLING AIRCRAFT: A FAMILY STRANDED ON THE ROOF OF THEIR HOME ON WALCHEREN ISLAND.



SEARCHING AMID THE WRECKAGE OF HOUSES FOR VICTIMS OF THE FLOOD: TWO RESCUERS WITH A BOAT IN THE FLOODED STREET OF A TOWN NEAR ROTTERDAM.



INUNDATED BY FLOOD-WATER WHICH SWEEPED UP THE MEUSE ESTUARY: THE RAILWAY YARDS AT DORDRECHT, HOLLAND, AFTER THE WATER HAD SUBSIDED.



EVACUATING TOWNSPEOPLE FROM RAAMSDONKVEER: DUTCH TROOPS WITH AN AMPHIBIOUS VEHICLE COME TO THE RESCUE IN THE WORST FLOODS THEIR COUNTRY HAS EXPERIENCED FOR 400 YEARS.



WORKING FEVERISHLY TO BLOCK A BREAK IN A DYKE AT RIDDIKERK, IN HOLLAND: DUTCH TROOPS AND CIVILIANS PILING UP SANDBAGS AND TIMBER TO STEM THE FLOOD.

Grievously as Britain has suffered in the floods which were born of the great gale on January 31, the Netherlands present a far worse picture. In the worst floods for 400 years about a sixth of the country's land surface was inundated, and on February 2 more than 300 deaths had been reported, with many more people missing. The number of homeless was put officially at "tens of thousands." Heavy seas smashed through the dykes and flooded over land which had been slowly reclaimed from the sea over three centuries. More than 100,000 Dutch troops joined with civilian workers to strengthen the dykes or to erect barriers

to stem the flowing tide. The Zeeland islands of Walcheren, South Beveland and Goeree-Overflakkee were flooded, as was the island of Rozenburg, and flood-water swept up the Meuse estuary and inundated parts of Dordrecht, Rotterdam and other towns. Queen Juliana, accompanied by her mother, the former Queen Wilhelmina, visited the island of Goeree-Overflakkee to see what steps were being taken to bring help to the farmers. American, French and British troops have been assisting in the work of evacuation. The coastal areas of Belgium were also flooded, the sea walls being breached in several places.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



A FEW willows—and for the purposes of this article it really must be a few, for the genus *Salix*, or willow, is a large (and slightly shocking) one. There are said

to be some 300 species of *Salix*, of which seventeen or eighteen are natives of Britain. But no two botanists seem to be agreed as to exactly how many species there really are. Linnaeus found them a difficult and perplexing family 200 years ago, and since his day many more species have become known, to spread further chaos and confusion among systematic botanists.



"WILLOWS ARE SHAMELESSLY PROMISCUOUS" AND "IT MUST BE A WISE WILLOW THAT KNOWS ITS OWN FATHER—OR MOTHER—OR IN SOME CASES EVEN ITS CORRECT NAME": BUT THESE FINE GOLDEN MALE CATKINS ARE BELIEVED TO BE THOSE OF A HYBRID BETWEEN *SALIX CAPREA*, THE GOAT WILLOW, AND *SALIX LANATA*, THE WOOLLY WILLOW.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

To make matters worse, the willows are shamelessly promiscuous in their mutual relationships. Of our seventeen or eighteen British species alone: "Every-one," Bean tells us, "is considered to have hybridised with two or more of its fellows, some with as many as nine." Were ever such goings on! Truly it must be a wise willow that knows its own father—or mother—or in some cases even its correct name.

Quite apart from their decorative value in the garden and in the landscape, willows have many economic uses. The wood is used for making the bottoms of carts and wheelbarrows, for ladders and hurdles, and in the manufacture of charcoal. From osier-beds come the withy wands used in basket- and chair-making. Why, I wonder, has no one invented a method of treating or processing the willow material from which wicker-chairs are made, so as to eliminate those choruses of infuriating squeaks that they utter at every slightest movement as one sits in them?

In the matter of willows as a convenient parking place for harps when one is miserable I find myself disillusioned: *Salix babylonica* is a native of China, and it is said that the willow of the Euphrates was probably no willow at all, but a poplar: *Populus euphratica*. It seems a pity to spoil so beautiful a poem.

Perhaps the greatest, if not the most strictly useful, use for willow wood is in the cricket-bat industry.

Though other species, such as *Salix alba*, are used for the purpose, the true cricket-bat willow is *Salix coerulea*. It is a beautiful tree, and I can not help feeling that it would be a pleasant and appropriate act on the part of the M.C.C. if they planted one or two bat willows at Lord's Cricket Ground—if an odd vacant corner or two could be found for them. I do not suggest this as an economist's investment with a view to home-grown cricket-bats, but merely as a point of appropriate interest for such urban cricket addicts as may have no idea what bat-trees look like. But maybe I am suggesting

A FEW WILLOWS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

the impossible. There may be no spare corner at Lord's for any additional tree. The last time I was there I saw W.G. make his hundredth century. That was several years ago and I can not now remember what possibilities there were for marginal forestry. One other product of *Salix* is too valuable, too beneficent to pass without mention. A medicinal glucoside—salicin—is extracted from the bark of willows—and so to aspirin.

For the garden, willows may range from lofty trees to minute creeping shrublets no more than an inch or two high. Among tall-growing kinds there are two species of weeping willow, which are among the most beautiful and graceful of all trees—*Salix babylonica* and *Salix chrysocoma*. Both make big trees, and both look best when growing near water. They may, however, be grown quite well away from any pond or stream, if given a good depth of fairly rich, encouraging soil. *Salix chrysocoma*—which goes about under the alternative names of *S. alba tristis*, *S. babylonica ramulis aureis* and *S. vitellina pendula*—is particularly attractive in winter on account of its shimmer of golden weeping twigs. By far the best-known and best-loved of all willows in this country is the goat willow, *Salix caprea*, with its "furry" buds of silky silver grey, which open later as great golden catkins. It is surprising that, although everyone loves "palm," and few can resist picking it at sight for the house, one hardly ever sees it grown in gardens. I do, however, know one group of two or three "palm" trees in a certain Surrey garden of whose origin I will tell. I had a good deal to do with the original planting of that garden, and one day a large hamper of shrubs arrived, packed as a pyramid, with a protecting tent of hessian and thumb-thick willow rods. That nothing be lost, I "planted" a few of these rods, or, rather, stuck their ends into the ground about a foot deep, and told the owner to cherish and guard them carefully—and watch results. They rooted, turned out to be *Salix caprea*, and soon made nice bushes which ever since have provided most welcome branches of palm for the house. I have grown two forms or varieties of *Salix caprea*, neither of which is mentioned in Bean. One of them was shown some years ago at the R.H.S. as *Salix caprea praecox*. It came, I think, from Kew. I was given a cutting of this, which developed in my garden at Stevenage into a fine tree which produced its sprays of golden palm blossom several weeks earlier than the normal type. The other was given to me, as a cutting, by the late Mr. Hiatt Baker. The golden catkins are very much larger than those of ordinary *S. caprea*, so much so that someone described

a bush in blossom as looking as though it was be-hung with fluffy, yellow baby ducklings—most apt and descriptive, though a slight exaggeration.

A most attractive willow which has been making an annual appearance at the R.H.S. spring shows in recent years is *daphnoides*. It makes a small tree, with slender, purplish stems carrying a white "bloom" and be-strung with fine golden catkins. I think it must have been this species which I saw in florists' shops in midwinter in Stockholm some years ago. The catkins were well advanced for the time of year, so much so that I can only imagine that they had been gently forced under glass. I can imagine that willow shoots, if cut after being exposed to a spell of hard weather in the open, might be very willing to respond to gentle forcing.

Of *Salix caprea* it is interesting to read in the



"AMONG TALL-GROWING KINDS THERE ARE TWO SPECIES OF WEEPING WILLOW, WHICH ARE AMONG THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND GRACEFUL OF ALL TREES." A YOUNG WEEPING WILLOW TREE WITH A "SHIMMER OF GOLDEN WEEPING TWIGS."

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

"Encyclopædia Britannica," 14th edition: "Its catkins are collected in England in celebration of Palm Sunday." In England. Are we talking to ourselves, or is it just a case of remote control?

The willows are delightfully easy to propagate. Cuttings of ripe wood just stuck into the ground in autumn root with the greatest freedom, and planted out later where they are to remain, soon develop into good specimens. If grown for the sake of their golden catkins, as willows usually are, it is important to make sure of securing male plants, for the male and female catkins are severely segregated on separate trees, and it is only the male catkins, with their crowded, golden, pollen-bearing anthers, that are attractive. The female flowers are a dowdy lot.

I set out to discuss a few willows, but I seem to have discussed too few, at too great length. There are others, especially some of the dwarfier species, which are too good to miss. They must spill over into another article.

"AN IDEAL GIFT."

THIS year will be historic in that it will see the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II., and The Illustrated London News will be recording the event in two Double Numbers worthy of the beautifully produced records of the three previous Coronations. This suggests that, more than ever, there could be no better gift—to a dear friend, within one's family, to a business associate and particularly to friends overseas—than a year's subscription to The Illustrated London News.

Every week the current copy will arrive and provide an hour of enjoyment and interest and, with its appearance, will come a happy and agreeable remembrance of the friend who has sent it. Orders for subscriptions for The Illustrated London News to be sent overseas may be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall or sent direct to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s.; elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.) Friends at home will naturally be equally appreciative of such a gift, and in that case the year's subscription is £5 16s. 6d. (To include the Christmas Number.)

THIS YEAR—CORONATION YEAR—ALL POSTAL SUBSCRIBERS WILL RECEIVE THE TWO CORONATION DOUBLE NUMBERS AT NO EXTRA COST.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**MAJOR-GENERAL E. L. SHEEHAN.**

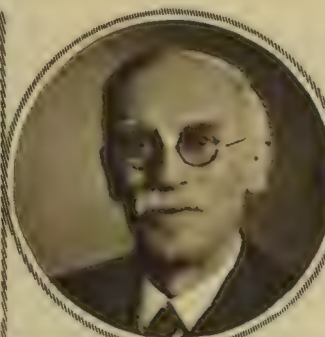
The newly-appointed Australian Defence Representative in London, Major-General E. L. Sheehan was formerly Deputy Chief of the General Staff, and before that, Deputy Adjutant-General and Deputy Quartermaster-General. He attended the Staff College, Camberley, and in 1947 the Imperial Defence College.

**LE CORBUSIER.**

The Queen has awarded the Royal Gold Medal for Architecture (instituted by Queen Victoria in 1848) for 1953 to Le Corbusier (Charles Edouard Jeanneret), the French architect whose writings and buildings have greatly influenced modern architecture. He is chief architect of Chandigarh.

**A.V.M. SIR NORMAN MACEWEN.**

Died on January 29, aged seventy-two. A distinguished staff officer from the early days of the R.A.F. In 1931 he was given the important command of Halton and in the next year was made an air vice-marshal. He retired in 1935. From 1936-49 he was chairman of S.S.A.F.A.

**SIR FRANK MEARS.**

Died in New Zealand on January 25, aged seventy-two. President of the Royal Scottish Academy from 1944 to 1950, he was best known as an authority on town planning. He was architect for the Livingstone Memorial at Blantyre; bridges in the Highlands; and the King George VI. Bridge at Aberdeen.

**REAR-ADM. M. W. ST. L. SEARLE.**

To be Deputy Chief of Naval Personnel (Man-power Planning) in succession to Rear-Admiral R. S. Warne, the appointment to take effect in May 1953. Rear-Admiral Searle, who is 51, was appointed Director of Plans (Q) at the Admiralty in 1948; and, in 1951, Commodore of the R.N. Barracks, Portsmouth.

**MR. JAMES H. SCULLIN.**

Died in Melbourne on January 28, aged seventy-six. He was Labour Prime Minister of Australia from 1929-31 and was leader of the Federal Labour Party from 1928 until ill-health led to his resignation in 1935. His parents migrated to Australia from Ireland and he was born in Victoria.



SURROUNDED BY MOST OF THE MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY, WHICH TOTALS SEVENTY-FIVE: SIR ROBERT HO TUNG AT HIS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY GATHERING IN HONG KONG.

Sir Robert Ho Tung, the distinguished financier and ship-owner, began his career in the employ of Messrs Jardine, Matheson and Co., and this famous firm has marked his ninetieth birthday by setting up the "Sir Robert Ho Tung Bursary," at the Hong Kong University. Sir Robert's immediate family totals seventy-five, and consists of two sons, eight daughters, two daughters-in-law, four sons-in-law, twenty-six grandchildren, three granddaughters-in-law, eight grandsons-in-law, and twenty-two great-grandchildren.

**GENERAL SIR REGINALD WINGATE.**

Died on January 28, aged ninety-one. He succeeded the first Lord Kitchener as Sirdar of the Egyptian Army and was the first Governor of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, from 1899-1916. A distinguished soldier and administrator, for years he played a major part in Egyptian, Sudanese and Arabian affairs.

**THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.**

Appointed Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He is the premier peer of Scotland and is Hereditary Keeper of the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Before he succeeded in 1940 as 14th Duke of Hamilton and 11th Duke of Brandon he was M.P. (U.) for East Renfrewshire.



THE TWO R.A.F. OFFICERS WHO FLEW FROM ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA IN A DAY: FLIGHT-LIEUT. L. M. WHITTINGTON (LEFT) AND HIS NAVIGATOR, FLIGHT-LIEUT. J. A. BROWN.

On January 28 a Canberra jet aircraft arrived over Darwin Airport at 6.38 a.m. G.M.T. It was the first aircraft to fly from England to Australia in less than a day. The elapsed time was just over twenty-two hours. The Canberra, piloted by Flight-Lieut. L. M. Whittington, with Flight-Lieut. J. A. Brown as navigator, arrived one hour behind its time-table, owing to head winds reaching over 125 m.p.h.

**MR. SAMUEL A. COURTAULD.**

Died on January 28, aged eighty-seven. A great-nephew of the principal founder of the firm of Courtaulds, he was associated with the firm for nearly sixty-six years. He was a notable benefactor and took particular interest in the Middlesex Hospital, Felsted School, and the town of Halstead, Essex, where he lived.



THE BRITISH WINNER OF THE EUROPEAN LADIES' FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS V. OSBORN; AND RUNNERS-UP. Our group of the winner and runners-up of the European Ladies' Figure Skating Championship which was decided at Dortmund on January 25 shows, from left to right, Miss Gundi Busch, Germany, who was second, Miss Valda Osborn, Britain, the winner, and Miss Erika Batchelor, Britain, who was placed third.

**LIEUT.-GENERAL MAXWELL D. TAYLOR.**

To succeed General Van Fleet as Commander of the Eighth Army in Korea, as from March 31. Lieut.-General Maxwell D. Taylor, now Army Deputy Chief of Staff, commanded the 101st Airborne Division in the invasion of Normandy and later in Holland and the Ardennes battles. After the war he was for a time American Commander in Berlin.

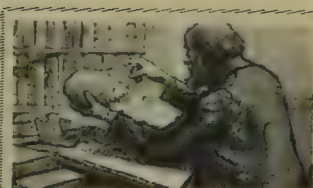


THE NEW YUGOSLAV AMBASSADOR IN LONDON: DR. VLADIMIR VELEBIT, WITH HIS WIFE AND SONS.

Dr. Velebit, the new Yugoslav Ambassador, arrived in London on January 26. Born in 1907, he was a prominent lawyer in Zagreb. He joined the partisans in Bosnia in 1942. Later he acted as liaison officer to the British Military Mission; and in 1943 was appointed liaison officer to the Allied Military Command, Cairo.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE LESSON OF THE COELACANTH.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT seems expected of me that I should write of coelacanth fishes. The expectation has been expressed in letter, in telephone conversation, as well as in personal conversation. Until more detailed knowledge is available from South Africa, and only after it has been commented upon by the experts in this restricted field, can any useful addition be made to what has already been printed and broadcast for popular information. It may not be out of place, however, to put this latest spectacular discovery into its scientific perspective. The first and most obvious comment must concern the persistence with which Professor J. L. B. Smith has followed up the first finding of a living coelacanth in 1938. It would not have been unique in the annals of natural history if the 1938 find had remained for much longer than fifteen years the only specimen known to science. There are many more species than one normally suspects that are known from a single specimen only, yet they are, one suspects, sufficiently numerous if only we could learn precisely where and how they live, or invent an efficient way of catching them.

All the circumstances attendant upon the finding of the second coelacanth conspire to fire the imagination, even of those not usually interested in natural history. Granted the drama of the occasion, there is still little justification for dubbing this remarkable fish a missing link, or for asserting that its examination will shed light on the story of human evolution. It was Darwin, in his "Descent of Man," who laid such emphasis on links, and it is for this reason, by association with the title of his book, that the "missing link" came to connote a direct link between man and his presumed ancestors. In a broad sense, anything contributing to build up the mosaic of the evolutionary story is a link, and within that mosaic there are so many gaps, so many "missing links" that almost any new discovery in the biological field is entitled to the name.

In the Devonian period, which started 320,000,000 years ago and ended some 45,000,000 years later, there was a rapid evolution of vertebrates or back-boned animals in the rivers and the sea. The period is often known as the Age of Fishes. One group of these, the crossopterygians, consists of three separate orders: the osteolepids, the Dipnoi or lung-fishes,

and the coelacanths. A special feature of these fishes was that the paired fins were lobed, and therefore somewhat limb-like. If the volume of evidence collected, more especially during the last century, counts for anything, it was the osteolepids that gave rise to the amphibians, which in turn gave rise to the reptiles and the birds and mammals. Man's direct line of descent goes back, therefore, to the osteolepids. The second group, the lung-fishes, have in the course of time died out except for the few species persisting to-day in the rivers of West Africa, South America and Australia. The third group, the coelacanths, died out 50,000,000 years ago—or so it was believed until 1938, when the first living coelacanth, *Latimeria*, was fished up off South Africa. This fish, together with the second one to be brought to light at the close of 1952, represent the end of an evolutionary chain, and the end of a chain cannot be a missing link, however much we try to make it so.

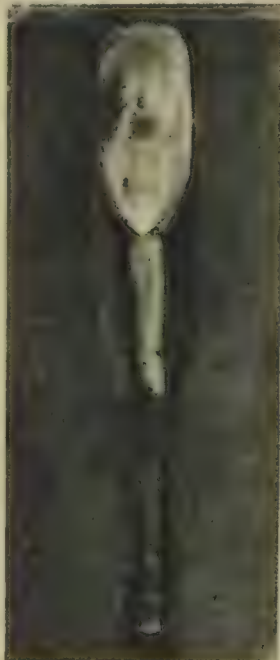
This analysis does nothing to reduce the drama of the occasion or, for that matter, its scientific interest. It is as startling as anything Conan Doyle put into his "Lost World." Scientifically, representing as it does a collateral of the ancestors of the higher vertebrates, the fish is of great importance. It is, in fact, a living fossil, a living organism that has persisted beyond its era. How important it is will not be known for some time to come, not until its body has been fully examined and the results of that examination have been assessed by comparison with all the known fossils of osteolepids, coelacanths and the rest.

In one sense, every living thing, plant or animal, is a living fossil, if the theory of organic evolution is correct. Every living thing is a survivor of its own ancestral stock. In the same way, every living thing is a missing link, except that not all have been missing; and each has its contribution to make to the evolutionary mosaic. Even using the term in its more restricted form, there are still many living fossils, and the majority seldom achieve a news value. There is the tuatara of New Zealand,

The discovery of living fossils is always exciting, but it is not always spectacular. The outstanding example of persistence is seen in the lamp-shell, *Lingula*, which has come down unaltered from Ordovician times, when lamp-shells were the commonest animals in the shallow seas. *Lingula* is, however, an unpretentious animal, 2 ins. long, resembling a drab bivalve mollusc, but it has survived its era for nearly 400,000,000 years. But it would never make headlines. The king-crab or horseshoe-crab (*Limulus*) is a heavily armoured relative of spiders and scorpions, 2 ft. long, which looks like an unusual kind of crab, but is most closely related to the trilobites, a dominant group in the Cambrian and Ordovician periods. Its larvæ look strikingly like the fossil remains of trilobites, and it is the only living representative of the king-crabs of the Carboniferous period, which ended over 200,000,000 years ago. These are but two of the many living fossils, the discovery of which has passed almost unnoticed outside scientific circles.

Belonging to a different category, we have the lampreys and hag-fishes, degenerate fish-like aquatic animals which are believed by some to be direct descendants of the heavily-armoured and jawless Cephalaspids, that also flourished in the Age of Fishes. Although degenerate, they have survived the 300,000,000 years since Devonian times and still flourish.

Elephants have been commonplace for too long to be readily recognised as living fossils, yet the two living species, the Indian and African elephants, are the sole survivors of an era of elephants when many species were widely distributed over the earth's surface. In the same way, the rhinoceros and hippopotamus, the



AN UNPRETENTIOUS LIVING FOSSIL: THE MARINE *LINGULA*, ONE OF THE BRACHIOPODS OR LAMP-SHELLS, WHICH HAS REMAINED UNCHANGED THROUGHOUT THE LAST 400,000,000 YEARS.

Brachiopods, or lamp-shells, although not so rare as some of the others, can also be claimed as living fossils. The few species living to-day are survivors of the numerous brachiopods, remains of which are found so abundantly in the older rocks.

Photograph by Maurice G. Sawyers.



A LIVING FOSSIL OF GREAT INTEREST RELATED TO THE EXTINCT TRILOBITES: THE HEAVILY ARMOURD KING-CRAB, OR HORSESHOE-CRAB, WHICH IS FOUND TO-DAY IN TWO AREAS ONLY, OFF THE EAST COAST OF NORTH AMERICA, FROM THE WEST INDIES TO MAINE, AND OFF THE EAST COAST OF ASIA.

Unaltered since the Silurian period, the king-crab is related to the extinct trilobites, its nearest living relatives being spiders and scorpions. A living fossil of great interest, it is to-day fished in quantity off the North American coast and crushed for poultry food.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.

and also the kiwi. Then the platypus and echidna, and practically the whole of the Australian fauna. The lung-fishes have already been mentioned, and many more, of greater or lesser degree of interest, could be listed.

of Western China have come to light, their presence having been previously unknown to the Western world. The forests of Western China, Central Africa and South America may still contain surprises. But most of all, the sea contains much yet to be discovered.



A DOMINANT FORM IN THE CAMBRIAN AND ORDOVICIAN PERIODS BUT NOW EXTINCT: A TYPICAL TRILOBITE, ONE OF A GROUP OF PRIMITIVE ARTHROPODS KNOWN ONLY FROM THEIR FOSSILS.

Photograph by Maurice G. Sawyers.

camels and llamas, and the giraffe and okapi are living fossils. Indeed, the okapi was first known as a fossil, for *Samotherium*, a fossil mammal, is almost certainly the remains of an okapi.

The most striking lesson of the first finding of the living coelacanth, which is reinforced by the second finding, is that there is still time for more living fossils to come to light. The sea is the most likely place for them to be found, but the possibilities of the land are not necessarily exhausted. Even in the last fifty years the okapi and giant forest hog, in Central Africa, the mountain nyala in Abyssinia, and the golden takin

THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: GREAT SUCCESSES FOR BRITISH CARS.



THE BRITISH FORD ZEPHYR WHICH WON THE RALLY: THE DRIVER, MR. GATSONIDES (LEFT), WITH MR. P. WORLEDGE, HIS TEAM MATE, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE.



WITH THE JAGUAR IN WHICH HE GAINED SECOND PLACE IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: MR. IAN APPELYARD (LEFT) AND MRS. APPELYARD (RIGHT), THE TIMEKEEPER.



AFTER COMPLETING THE 46-MILE COL DE BRAUS REGULARITY TEST CIRCUIT: THE WINNING FORD ZEPHYR, DRIVEN BY MR. GATSONIDES, ARRIVING AT MONTE CARLO BEACH.



WITH MR. D. SCANNELL (CENTRE): MR. STIRLING MOSS (RIGHT) WHO, WITH MR. J. COOPER (LEFT), WAS SIXTH IN A SUNBEAM-TALBOT.



SECOND IN THE COUPE DES DAMES: MISS SHEILA VAN DAMM AND HER CO-DRIVERS, MRS. ANNE HALL (LEFT) AND MRS. FRANÇOISE CLARKE, WITH THEIR SUNBEAM-TALBOT.

British cars did splendidly in the twenty-third Monte Carlo Rally which ended on January 25. A British Ford Zephyr (as noted in our last week's issue), driven by the Dutch rally driver Mr. Gatsonides, was the winner; and a Jaguar driven by Mr. Ian Appleyard was second. Sunbeam-Talbots won the Charles Faroux team prize for three drivers nominated by the firm before the Rally began. They were Mr. Stirling Moss (sixth in the Rally with his Sunbeam-Talbot), Mr. L. Johnson and Mr. A. G. Imhof. Jaguars won the

'Equipe Challenge Cup for providing the three cars placed highest in the general classification, and five out of eight of the coachwork awards for cars which had finished in the rally, went to British cars. A British woman missed, by incredible bad luck, winning the Coupe des Dames, which has not been won by Britain since 1932. Miss Sheila Van Damm, in her Sunbeam-Talbot in the eliminating trial, was putting up a performance which must have resulted in victory when she had a puncture, which lost her three vital minutes.

AUTHENTIC ROYAL PORTRAITS AT WESTMINSTER SKILFULLY RESTORED: LONG-DEAD KINGS AND THEIR CONSORTS AS THEY WERE IN LIFE.



THE DEATH-MASK OF EDWARD III. (DIED 1377), AS IT FORMERLY WAS, IN A STATE OF DISINTEGRATION, THE ORIGINAL SURFACE COAL BLACK.



SHOWING HOW THE MOUTH WAS DRAWN DOWN AFTER THE STROKE FROM WHICH HE DIED: THE DEATH-MASK OF EDWARD III. AFTER REPAIR.



AFTER THE NOSE HAD BEEN REPAIRED: THE DEATH-MASK OF EDWARD III, WHICH IS MOUNTED ON A ROUGH WOODEN COKE. IT ORIGINALLY HAD A WIG AND BEARD.



SHOWING THE HAY WHICH WAS USED TO STUFF THE PLASTER BODY OF THE EFFIGY: THE DEATH-MASK OF HENRY VII. (DIED 1509) BEFORE TREATMENT.



FROM THE STUFFING OF THE PLASTER BODY OF THE EFFIGY OF HENRY VII.: VETCH PODS IN SEED, BROADLEAFED DOCK AND DUTCH CLOVER. THE HAY WAS CAREFULLY SORTED AND YIELDED TWELVE SEPARATE PLANTS.



AFTER THE NOSE HAD BEEN REPAIRED: THE DEATH-MASK OF HENRY VII. THE EARS AND BACK PART OF THE HEAD ARE CRAFTSMAN'S WORK.



SHOWING HOW THE NOSE WAS REPAIRED, MODELLED AFTER THE CONTEMPORARY BUST IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: THE DEATH-MASK OF HENRY VII.



WITH CLOTTING ON THE RIGHT EYEBROW DUE TO THE GREASE PUT ON THE FACE OF THE DEAD KING TO PREVENT THE MOULD STICKING: THE DEATH-MASK OF HENRY VII.

Recent discoveries in connection with the Royal portrait effigies at Westminster are of great importance, as was explained by Mr. R. P. Howgrave-Graham, Assistant Keeper of the Monuments, Westminster Abbey, in a lecture of outstanding interest delivered to the Royal Society of Arts. He said that many who were familiar with the funeral effigies in wax when housed in the upper chapel of Abbot Islip's Chantry may remember earlier figures lying in glass cases in the Undercroft Museum. It had long been known that they were carried in state with the coffined body at the funerals of monarchs, but it had been less fully realised that their main function was to lie in state. Before the late war all but two had bodies, some with articulated limbs for easy dressing. These of solid wood were

hollowed out, and others had bodies made up of hay with leather or plaster. Much damage was done to some, consequent on an inundation following an incendiary bomb; and in the autumn of 1949 permission to attempt their salvage was obtained. Various fascinating minor discoveries were made, such as the shade of the hair of the dead monarchs; and that hair from a dog had been used for the eyebrows on the effigy of Edward III., but such details had not the importance of other facts which emerged during the restoration of the heads of Edward III. and Henry VII. A striking distortion of Edward III.'s mouth and the left side of his face puzzled Mr. Howgrave-Graham till Mr. Martin Holmes, of the London Museum, suggested that the face was a death-mask recording

Photographs by R. P. Howgrave-Graham, F.S.A., M.I.E.E.



THE BUST OF ELIZABETH OF YORK (D. 1503), QUEEN CONSORT OF HENRY VII.: THE BOARDS OF WHICH IT WAS BUILT UP ARE SEPARATING; THE BACK OF THE HEAD BEING COMPLETELY DETACHED. THE ARM, HINGED AT THE ELBOW, IS ON THE TABLE.



THE HEAD OF ANNE OF BOHEMIA, QUEEN CONSORT OF RICHARD II., BEFORE REPAIR. ALTHOUGH BADLY DAMAGED, ENOUGH OF THE EFFIGY REMAINED TO ALLOW RENEWAL POSSIBLE WITH LITTLE RISK OF INACCURACY.

the stroke which we know ended Edward III.'s life. It has proved to be a death-mask and, as the reputed mask of Dante is probably not genuine, this of Edward III. is the oldest European one in existence. Examination by leading medical experts has confirmed the record of the paralysis caused by the stroke and concluded that, being on the left side and combined with known loss of speech, it shows the king to have been left-handed. The further conclusion was reached during the salvage work that the head of Henry VII. is a death-mask; and it has been decided that the others are finely carved portraits in wood, made with death-masks for models. The restoration of the head of Henry VII. presented such problems that Mr. Howgrave-Graham approached it with dread, but it has been



THE BUST OF ELIZABETH OF YORK (LEFT) AFTER REPAIR. OF CARVED WOOD, IT WAS BASED ON A DEATH-MASK. THE BUST ON THE RIGHT IS THAT OF ANNE OF BOHEMIA, DIED 1394, QUEEN CONSORT OF RICHARD II.



THE BUST OF KATHERINE OF VALOIS, QUEEN CONSORT OF HENRY V., WHO MARRIED OWEN TUDOR AS HER SECOND HUSBAND; AND DIED IN 1437. IT WAS CARVED IN WOOD FROM A DEATH-MASK. A LOCK CAUGHT IN A WIG-NAIL GIVES THE COLOUR OF HER HAIR.

most successfully accomplished. The reconstruction of the nose was rendered possible because the exact facial measurements were nearly identical with those of the terracotta bust of Henry VII. in the Victoria and Albert Museum; and thus the Italian artist who made it could obviously be trusted for accurate portraiture. The effigy of Katherine of Valois, Queen of Henry V., and later, wife of Owen Tudor, had a circular sunk ring round the head on which the crown was fitted. It was carved with robes painted red though it was to be covered with fabrics. The effigy of Elizabeth of York has now been accurately re-dressed, and golden hair such as she was known to possess replaced, by means of financial aid given by the American magazine *Life*.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. YEW-WOOD AND WALNUT.

By FRANK DAVIS.

SO much has been written about the way in which oak furniture was succeeded by walnut, and walnut by mahogany, and mahogany by satinwood, that we are all liable to paint for ourselves a tidy but wholly inaccurate picture of the way in which our ancestors gradually developed one style after another. This picture has, I think, been made the more vivid by the passion of the interior decorator for what is known horribly as "a period room" and the laborious and ingenious efforts of museums all over the world to present to their visitors scholarly reconstructions of what an average room looked like in 1600, 1700, 1750, and so on. The result is liable to be tasteful but sterile, for there never was an average room; and houses and their contents were, as a rule, not so much planned as grown—great-grandmother's spinet side-by-side with great-granddaughter's T.V. as it were—in other words, most people made homes instead of self-conscious would-be works of art. These rather obvious remarks came to my mind when I read that the *secrétaire* of Fig. 4 here is made of yew-wood, which is not one of the woods one readily associates with the time of Queen Anne; nor do I think it is in common use to-day, presumably because it is rarely grown. Once upon a time there must have been a vast amount; long-bows were made from it, of course—indeed, that accounted for its importance in the national economy—and it was popular in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for knobs, pegs, and the bent parts of Windsor chairs. Presumably the centuries after the supersession of the bow and arrow by firearms benefited by the encouragement given to the yew-tree during the reigns of the Plantagenets. It is difficult in an increasingly urban civilisation to imagine what was the aspect of this island when the population was only about 2,000,000, and vast tracts of land were covered by forest—before the whole surface had been groomed and tidied up, partly by cultivation, partly by deliberately arranged eighteenth-century landscape gardening, or scraped and tortured and scarred by industrial development; even the forest land that remains is changing its character, with dark conifers taking the place of our native oaks and beeches.

But I am wandering a long way from this *secrétaire*. There must have been a good deal of yew-wood still about at the beginning of the eighteenth century, though it was not, as a rule, used for very sophisticated pieces, but for roughish chairs and benches in country districts. This particular piece is rather an echo of an Elizabethan fashion than an overture to the future. The sixteenth century was fond of checker-board patterns in its inlay, and in this piece you have a late version of that tradition. The twelve-pointed medallions (seven-pointed at the sides) are rather startling in a photograph—for some reason rather more than when you see the actual piece, when they tone in with the warm brown background very nicely. It is, I suppose, a style of decoration not much in favour nowadays, and is not the kind of thing which would normally be put in a room supposed to be a scholarly reconstruction of the reign of Queen Anne. Similar pieces, but of walnut, and with a somewhat less startling geometrical pattern, are sometimes

found—I am thinking of one at the moment, not a *secrétaire*, but a cupboard with drawers—it must be at least 10 ft. in length—in walnut, the front and sides the most beautiful walnut oyster veneers, with a very simple design of circles and segments of circles emphasising the pattern of the grain.

Well, that's one view of the early eighteenth century—here, in Fig. 2, is another, but so familiar, not to say conventional, that it is easy to forget

joining together in the centre in a finial—each one of these chairs, on the whole, more uncomfortable than the other—and then somebody goes and designs a chair as simple and as sensible and as movable and as well-fitted to the average human carcass as this! The style seems to have reached these shores from Holland about the turn of the century (as did other styles before it) and became acclimatised immediately, and simplified. This was before the days when shrewd business men in the cabinet-making trade thought of advertising themselves by means of books of designs; had someone during Queen Anne's coronation year issued a volume of the nature of Chippendale's "Director" of 1754, or Hepplewhite's later book, we should be calling these chairs, with their subtly contrasted curves, fine workmanship and solid comfort after the name of an individual, instead of simply "Queen Anne"; this would not imply that he had invented the type, but that he had immortalised a current fashion under his own name. That this kind of workaday elegance could exist side-by-side with pieces of exceptional elaboration is seen in the stool of Fig. 1, which is of walnut, with the centre section of the legs in gesso. Now there are people who look down their noses at gesso, just as they used to look down their noses at the stucco of Nash's Regent Street: they say, and rightly, that just as stucco is mere composition, a substitute for honest stone or brick, gesso is a substitute for honest wood. It is merely chalk

worked into a paste with parchment size; it lent itself to carving in low relief, and was then gilded or silvered. You find it sometimes on mirror-frames, sometimes on chairs, and specially, I should say, on side-tables at the end of the seventeenth century—that is, during the reign of William and Mary and for the first twenty-odd years of the following century. It sounds ornate and rather vulgar, but in fact the pattern of the low relief is invariably discreet and the gold is not brassy but dim. Authentic, untouched specimens are few, and there are some notably ingenious fakes; so beware. This stool is rare enough and decidedly luxurious, and the marriage of

carved walnut and gesso is unusual. You will note that it is what is usually referred to as a side-stool—that is, it was intended to stay normally against a wall or a piece of furniture, for two legs are more elaborate than the others (claw-and-ball feet: plain feet). The upper part of the legs terminates in two hounds' heads instead of joining on to the seat-frame in a harmonious curve. The centre section of each leg is of gesso-work decorated in very low relief with shell medallions and foliage—the photograph is sharp enough for this to be distinguished without much difficulty.

With Fig. 3 we are back to a more normal style—the nice, comfortable wing-chair which recognises the possibility of a middle-aged spread. Such things must have been made in vast numbers from the days of Queen Anne onwards, and a better or a more sensible chair has not been made since. They are, in a way, so commonplace (I mean the style, not this particular example) that we are tempted to imagine that they are the invention of this particular period of history (i.e., Queen Anne—George I.). But go to Ham House, near Richmond, which was regarded by the subjects of King Charles II. as the latest word in luxury, and you will see numerous upholstered chairs of about the year 1675 which are clearly the ancestors of Fig. 3. In other words, the very rich started the fashion—and twenty-five to fifty years later ordinary people could find similar comforts in every other furniture shop—which is the usual way things happen.



FIG. 1. A PIECE OF EXCEPTIONAL ELABORATION: AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY STOOL OF WALNUT AND GESSO.

The exceptional elaboration of this stool, of walnut with the central section of the legs in gesso, forms an interesting comparison with the "workaday elegance" of the chair of Fig. 2.

what an advance is represented by it, and what a little masterpiece it is. Consider for a moment all the types which had gone before it—great chairs of oak, turned chairs, farthingale chairs, elaborate cane-backed chairs of walnut, with stretchers carved with *amorini* and a cresting over the back, and still higher-backed chairs towards the end of the seventeenth century, with no less elaborately carved stretchers but



FIG. 2. "FINE WORKMANSHIP AND SOLID COMFORT": A QUEEN ANNE CHAIR IN WALNUT, ONE OF A PAIR. This type of chair, with its "subtly contrasted curves, fine workmanship and solid comfort" is characteristic of the reign of Queen Anne. By courtesy of Mallett.



FIG. 4. WITH GEOMETRICAL INLAY IN VARIOUS WOODS: AN UNUSUAL QUEEN ANNE *SECÉTAIRE* IN YEW-WOOD. This particular Queen Anne piece "is rather an echo of an Elizabethan fashion than an overture to the future. The sixteenth century was fond of checker-board patterns in its inlay, and in this piece you have a late version of that tradition." By courtesy of Christie's.

THE ART OF THOMAS GIRTIN: A CURRENT LOAN EXHIBITION IN LONDON.



"CONWAY CASTLE"; BY THOMAS GIRTIN (1775-1802). A MATURE WORK, SIGNED AND DATED 1800, THE YEAR IN WHICH THE ARTIST ENJOYED THE HEIGHT OF HIS SUCCESS. (10 by 20½ ins.)



"JEDBURGH ABBEY FROM THE RIVER," A VIEW OF THE MOST STately OF THE FAMOUS GROUP OF BORDER ABBEYS. SIGNED. PAINTED c. 1798. (16½ by 21½ ins.)



"GUISBOROUGH ABBEY," A ROMANTIC VIEW OF THE RUINS OF THE AUGUSTINIAN FOUNDATION IN THE NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE. SIGNED AND DATED 1801. (24½ by 20 ins.)

AN important Loan Exhibition devoted to Thomas Girtin (1775-1802) was due to open at Agnew's Old Bond Street Galleries on February 4; and will continue until March 21. It is in aid of the National Art-Collections Fund, which celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this year. Public galleries, including the Fitzwilliam, the Ashmolean and the

(Continued below.)



"THE INTERIOR OF ST. ALBANS CATHEDRAL," PROBABLY EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1797. SIGNED AND DATED 1796. (21½ by 16½ ins.)



"GLAMIS CASTLE," SEAT OF THE EARLS OF STRATHMORE AND KINGHORNE. INSCRIBED ON THE BACK IN GIRTIN'S HAND: "Once belonged to David Cox." (13½ by 10 ins.)



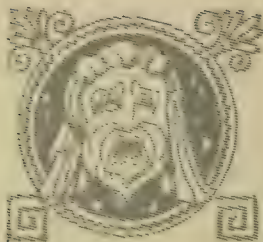
"A RAINBOW ON THE EXE," A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF GIRTIN'S WORK. SIGNED AND DATED 1800. ENGRAVED IN MEZZOTINT BY S. W. REYNOLDS IN *LIBER NATURÆ*, 1823. (11½ by 19½ ins.)

(Continued.)

Whitworth, Manchester, as well as private collectors, headed by the Princess Royal and Lord Harewood, Mr. Thomas Girtin, Jr. (who contributes a foreword to the catalogue), Mr. Paul Oppé and many others have lent works for exhibition; so that every phase of Girtin's art is represented. His first tour, in 1796, took him to Durham, York, Newcastle and Jedburgh, and in 1798 he visited Wales and Yorkshire, spending some time at Harewood as the guest of Baron Harewood, later Viscount Lascelles and Earl of Harewood, whose son Edward Lascelles was interested in water-colours and in particular in the art of those "rising revolutionary exponents" Turner and Girtin. Girtin exhibited in the Royal Academy between 1794 and 1801. He reached the apex of his fame in 1800, when his studio became the rendezvous of the fashionable world; but his success was short-lived, for his health deteriorated; he went to Paris, hoping that a change of climate would benefit him, but died in 1802, aged twenty-seven. After his death he was forgotten for seventy-three years. His importance is now recognised.



"NEWCASTLE," A VERY ATTRACTIVE STREET SCENE, WITH FIGURES. PROBABLY EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY IN 1798. SIGNED. (14 by 12 ins.)



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

MANNA IN THE POTTERIES.

By ALAN DENT.

VERY recently, in the worst of the January fogs, I travelled to the Potteries to spend three days reading Arnold Bennett's "Clayhanger," a masterpiece I had never hitherto opened. I arrived in thick fog and in the evening, nothing being discernible from Stoke-on-Trent railway station but a statue of Josiah Wedgwood swathed in swirling Stygian clouds. All the next day was the same, and on the day after merciful rain came to dissolve the fog into a kind of black drizzle which was almost as bad, or at least as bad in a different way.

Yet I was all the time far from bored or unduly depressed. For one thing, I was savouring a master-novel which penetrates to the spirit of the Five Towns I was visiting for the first time. For another, I was making a first acquaintance with the Potteries folk, who are like the Lancashire folk in their flat-vowelled dialect but altogether tougher and less tender in their ways; they seemed to me, too, far more alert and shrewd and likeable than the Birmingham folk a few miles further south.

How do they amuse themselves? Impossible to gather this truly in such meteorological circumstances, and in so short a space of time. But I did gather that Bennett's Bursley has a very good library but no art, and that Bennett's Hanbridge, whose art-gallery roof has fallen in, could at least offer me "a grand show of pots in a room upstairs." So I gazed for an hour on pots not only from Staffordshire, but also from as far afield as Spain and Turkey.

And the drama and the cinema? Here I come to the point of my preamble. The whole of the Five Towns is served by a single theatre, and this from now to mid-March is preoccupied with its pantomime. But there are cinema-theatres beyond count, and two at least of these—one in Stoke and one in Hanley—I found offering "The Holly and the Ivy," the film recently made from Wynyard Browne's successful play. Now I missed this film when it was shown in London just before last Christmas, and I was partly dissuaded from seeing it by my colleagues' insistence that it was little more than a film transcript of a stage production, though they allowed it to be more than reasonably well done. In the Potteries I found myself lapping up this play-film as eagerly as the play-starved Potteries folk themselves.

Sir Ralph Richardson is now the old vicar entertaining his own family at Christmastide in Norfolk. Celia Johnson is now the stay-at-home daughter whose devotion to her father looks like ruining her chance of marriage with a young Scots engineer, now played by John Gregson. Margaret Leighton is now the stay-away daughter who has taken disgracefully to the bottle. Denholm Elliott is the new son who is on Christmas leave from the Army and who takes his flightier sister to the village pub on Christmas Eve and returns "in a state." The aunts are, once again as in the play, Margaret Halstan and Maureen Delany—one silvery and tactless and the other snifty and Irish—a well-contrasted pair of difficult beldames.

The film makes the exact point of the play, and makes it in the same way. A man may be so wrapped up in goodness, so unselfish, that mischief and selfishness become invisible to him, even in the cosiness of his own family. "You can't be told the truth, the whole truth," says the erring son to his father. And later the same God-fearing but also truth-fearing old cleric

has to confess to his less satisfactory daughter: "I'm sorry I've been no use to you, no use to you at all."

Good playing coerces us into believing that the better daughter would get her nice husband after all, and that the flighty one would turn home-loving and father-tending almost overnight. The distinguished film company, in short, makes the play's effect quite as well as the distinguished stage-company did. It is more of an effort for Sir Ralph, because his stage



"THE DIRECTOR GIVES US SOME LOVELY FORLORN STRETCHES OF DESOLATION IN A PLACE WHERE THERE ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE LOWERING SKIES. . . . 'THE LONG MEMORY,' A SCENE FROM THE FILM ADAPTED FROM THE NOVEL BY HOWARD CLEWES, SHOWING JACKSON (MICHAEL MARTIN-HARVEY), A TRAMP WHO HAS MADE HIS HOME ABOARD A HALF-SUNKEN BARGE IN THE THAMES ESTUARY, TELLING DAVIDSON (JOHN MILLS) THAT THERE WILL BE NO ROOM FOR HIM.

predecessor, Herbert Lomas, was something far more like the old clergyman's age; but Sir Ralph makes the effort with serene success. Miss Johnson, too, is as good as Jane Baxter was—she could not possibly be better; and Miss Leighton surpasses her predecessor in the desperate pathos of the weaker sister. I overheard two Potteries housewives criticising the way in

The film has been directed with great sensibility by George More O'Ferrall. It departs hardly anywhere from the play, except that we see the vicar perfunctorily and wearily attending a Christmas entertainment in his parish-hall, and are given a few Christmas-card glimpses of the seasonable landscape around his vicarage. Nothing more is necessary, for there is nothing whatsoever to be ashamed of. This is a good play turned into a good film for ease of transport. If the Potteries cannot have the play in the theatre, here it is on a screen, with the same impact,

warmth, charm, vividness, humanity, pathos and an almost Wordsworthian verisimilitude. One, at least, of the functions of cinema seems to me to have been admirably fulfilled—whether we find ourselves in the Potteries, in Peebles or Penzance, in Peru or Pekin or West Australia's Perth. All one would demand is that the play-turned-into-film should be as thoroughly well done as here.

Certain it is that the film written solely with cinema in mind can be a far less effective thing—even in the cinema which is not, for the nonce, pretending to be theatre. Such a

film is "The Long Memory." This has only three advantages—direction by Robert Hamer (who gave us the unforgettable "It Always Rains on Sunday") and good performances by John Mills as an ex-convict on the run and by John McCallum as the chief of the policemen who are running after him.

I confess I found the story unlikely, and the dialogue over and over again rang untrue. Justice can, of course, go wrong, but surely seldom so wrong as here—where a man serves twelve years' imprisonment for the murder of a man who turns out in the end to be alive after all.

The film begins and ends on the Kentish marshes, and here the director Hamer is immensely at home, giving us some lovely forlorn stretches of desolation in a place where there always seems to be lowering skies every day of the week, and everything in nature seems to be muted and dismayed excepting the skylark high in the clouded heavens. But the human aspects of the tale are largely sub-human, and I could sympathise with a London audience—vastly less entertained than the Potteries are—which found the inevitable chase at the end a tax upon its patience. When are film-directors going to realise that if a defenceless man is being chased by a man with a gun, the only wise thing for the former, to do is to take immediate cover—especially (as in the case of this picture, where there are plentiful derelict barges to hide amongst) when there is abundant cover to take? However, films of the sort to which "The Long Memory" belongs go on and on assuming that a chase, however unlikely, is an exciting thing

with which to conclude a film about crime and revenge. It is the reduction of the old Hitchcock formula to absurdity. Mr. Mills is too good an actor ever to give an un-striking performance. His unjustly-dealt desperado in this film has his own kind of grim intensity. But he is beaten by the script, which obliges him to say such unlikely things as this: "When you come to the point, revenge isn't worth it—when you plan it, you feel as filthy as the other person." No, Mr. Mills was infinitely happier as Pip in "Great Expectations," which, incidentally, began in a Kentish-marsh setting not at all dissimilar.



"HIS UNJUSTLY-DEALT DESPERADO IN THIS FILM HAS HIS OWN KIND OF GRIM INTENSITY": JOHN MILLS AS DAVIDSON IN "THE LONG MEMORY" (J. ARTHUR RANK), SEEN FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN FOR WHOM HE HAS BEEN IMPRISONED. HE CONFRONTS BERRY (JOHN CHANDOS) ACROSS THE TABLE OF HIS OFFICE.



"THIS IS A GOOD PLAY TURNED INTO A GOOD FILM FOR EASE OF TRANSPORT": "THE HOLLY AND THE IVY" (LONDON FILM PRODUCTIONS), A SCENE IN WHICH AUNTS BRIDGET AND LYDIA (MAUREEN DELANY AND MARGARET HALSTAN) AND THE REV. GREGORY (RALPH RICHARDSON) LOOK ON IN AMAZEMENT WHEN MARGARET (MARGARET LEIGHTON) RETURNS FROM THE VILLAGE PUB AND FALLS DOWN, IN THE VICARAGE SITTING-ROOM. SHE IS CARRIED TO BED BY HER SISTER JENNY (CELIA JOHNSON) AND RICHARD (HUGH WILLIAMS).

which the London sister helped the Norfolk one to wash up the lunch-time dishes. The former "dried," and as she dried each plate put it into a drying-rack above her. The process was condemned as supererogatory by the two ladies in front of me. But here is the difference between domestic and professional film-criticism. The ladies I overheard very rightly disapproved of the character wasting her energy in this un-housewifely way. I, on the other hand, approved, because Miss Leighton was so much "in" the character that she behaved towards wet plates exactly as so undomesticated a character would behave!

NEWS ITEMS FROM ROME, NEW DELHI, PHILADELPHIA AND PARIS.



A ST. AGNES DAY CEREMONY: THE POPE BLESSING TWO LAMBS, WHICH WILL PROVIDE WOOL FOR THE PALLIA WORN BY THE ARCHBISHOPS.
On January 21 the feast of St. Agnes, the Pope blessed two white lambs from whose wool are made the pallia which the Pope confers on all archbishops of the Roman Church as a token of jurisdiction. After the Papal blessing the lambs are cared for by the nuns of St. Cecilia, in Rome.



PREPARING THE TWO LAMBS BEFORE TAKING THEM INTO THE CHURCH OF ST. AGNES-WITHOUT-THE-WALLS: "CHILDREN OF MARY" IN ROME ON ST. AGNES'S DAY. THE LAMBS WERE LATER TAKEN TO THE VATICAN TO BE BLESSED BY THE POPE.



INDIA CELEBRATES THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF ITS INDEPENDENCE: A VIEW OF THE MILITARY PARADE AT NEW DELHI SHOWING THE PRESIDENT, DR. RAJENDRA PRASAD (LEFT), TAKING THE SALUTE OF A DETACHMENT OF INDIAN CAMEL TROOPS.

On January 26 India celebrated the third anniversary of its establishment as a republic with a big military parade in New Delhi and with other parades and displays in the State capitals. The Delhi parade was marked by the inclusion in a group fly-past of *Hindustan* trainer aircraft, the first aircraft to be built wholly

(with the exception of the engines) in India. In the evening many of the fine Lutyens buildings of the capital were outlined in white and coloured lights and provided a spectacle which it is promised will become a regular feature of national holidays in the future.



EXAMINING THE BEAM SUPPORTING THE LIBERTY BELL IN INDEPENDENCE HALL IN PHILADELPHIA: A GROUP OF EXPERTS WHO ARE TRYING TO DETERMINE THE TYPE OF WOOD IN THE BEAM AND WHETHER IT IS STRONG ENOUGH FOR ITS TASK.



COMBATING THE 'FLU EPIDEMIC IN A PARIS THEATRE: AN ACTRESS USING AN INHALING SYSTEM BEHIND THE SCENES, WHILE TWO OTHERS AWAIT THEIR TURN.

According to recent reports, the influenza epidemic has hit 14,000,000 of France's 42,000,000 population. In some theatres both the stars and understudies have been taken ill. The inhaling system shown above was installed behind the scenes at the Antoine Theatre, in Paris. Reports from various capitals indicated the epidemic as strong in Switzerland, Austria and Western Germany, but absent in Berlin and Italy.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THERE are wide differences of view about the right size for a work of fiction. Some think that novels cannot be too short; others, more fresh and artless, like them to go on and on. Of course, the first group has the odour of superiority—but I have no wish to take sides. And this week they are both in luck; this is extremists' week, bearing a gift in either hand.

"Madame de," by Louise de Vilморin (Collins; 7s. 6d.), is for the haughty few, and they won't wonder that it should be French. France has a kind of corner in elimination, in the abstract style, in (as it were) attar of sentiment. And though "Madame de" is of frailer stuff, though "that severe, that earnest air"—the air of the *Grand Siècle*—has given place to female error and ironic comedy, nevertheless, she has a far-off kinship with the *Princesse de Clèves*.

Her story is so slight, yet so involved, that one can hardly tell a fragment of it; nor can one give it right away. It all turns on a pair of earrings. Madame de had them from her husband as a "morning gift," the day after their marriage. Now she has piled up unacknowledged debts—quite without cause, merely from a defensive instinct—and is ashamed to let him know. Therefore, instead, she sells the earrings and pretends to lose them. Only they can't be lost. Thenceforth, Monsieur de is for ever buying them; and when Madame de falls in love with the Ambassador, they are his morning gift, the day after the declaration. There is a curse upon them now; as they come home to roost, so do her early fibs and all their natural successors. What to Madame de is a pledge of love becomes for others a memento of deceit, which she has no way of redeeming but with love and life.

It is a rare, ingenious little story; what is it about? The jacket says, "it might be called a love story, a story of deception, a story of human weakness or a story of trust betrayed." It might, of course; but what I see as its motif is the subjection of women. Granted, Madame de has herself to blame; no one obliged her to tell fibs. . . . And it is just this opening concession that prepares the ground, and makes the subtlety of the indictment. At the same time it is a part of it; she tells the fibs of the harem. Meanwhile, how honourable are her lords, how just and kind, how perspicacious and discreet—and how impenetrably stupid! They can't read a transparent heart; but they have noble gestures for a deathbed. In France, they say, women are not inferior and never were. In that case I have missed the point.

"My Father's House," by Henri Troyat (Macmillan; 15s.), is of enormous bulk. It is a novel (we are told) of "All the Russias"—starting in 1888, and closing on the eve of the First War. And I will freely own, it sent my heart into my boots. Anything more like toil, and less suggestive of amusement, I have yet to face. This may, perhaps, encourage the weak-kneed; for with complete surprise, I liked it as enormously as it is long.

Again the story can't really be told; it is too large, too full of people and events. Its hero is young Michael Danov, son of a business magnate in the Caucasus; but the Arapov household must be called the centre. It is Arapov—a provincial doctor, kind, jovial and self-indulgent—who has the house of children. Already Nicholas, the eldest, has been swallowed up; he is a qualmish revolutionary dreamer, heading for terrorism by degrees. Liubov, the eldest girl, is destined for "God's clown"—a red-faced, landowning buffoon whose slogan is: "We must be ignorant and swinish!" and who sustains it like a man inspired. Akim, the little boy, will be an officer in time to serve against Japan. Then there is Tania the romantic, the young girl *par excellence*. She throws over Volodia Burin, rich, irresponsible and gay, whom she has loved for years, and takes the sober Michael in his stead. . . .

But here I must give up. The story follows them in peace and war, from Moscow to the Caucasus, from unfledged hopes to the first hardening of middle age, while over all is the long shadow of the Revolution. But if the theme cries for a lot of space, the charm defines itself. This is not just a "novel of the Russias." It is, incredibly, a Russian novel, of the great old school—and yet not merely a pastiche, for it is all alive. Nothing could give a greater thrill. We have been here before—but who would ever have expected to be here again?

The setting of "The Excommunicated," by Ahmad Kamal and Charles G. Booth (Falcon Press; 12s. 6d.), is Shanghai with the Reds drawing near. Mark, the narrator, is a newsman; and since he is American as well, toughness abounds. He has a Russian colleague named Vianor, whose sister Valya, back from her education in the States, proposes constantly and slaps his face when he refuses. Really he wants her too; but as a lad he made love to his father's wife, and he is busy paying himself out. And just then circumstances are propitious. They stumble on a Communist intrigue; they are assumed to hold the evidence, and in the nick of time Mark drags the other two out of the toils. With that, his conscience gives him a discharge. As in "Full Fathom Five," the background is the thing. It is both new and strange, drawn with authority—and worthy of a better plot.

"Reclining Figure," by Marco Page (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 9s. 6d.), is about crime among the art collectors. The chief of these is Lucas Edgerton, a barking and eccentric millionaire, whose Californian retreat enshrines an outside hoard of modern paintings, long since abstracted from the human eye. Now, with death duties looming up, he means to part with some of them; and he has sent for Ellis Blaise, his New York protégé and dealer. Blaise happens to walk in on a domestic row. Simon, the son and heir, is thrown out of the gallery; meanwhile, the index cards have disappeared—and shortly afterwards, Simon is murdered. Blaise at first thought he had been robbing the collection. Then comes another lead: a "perfect" Renoir drawing, which is a patent forgery. So his next guess, which he maintains against all hazards and his patron's fury, is a great Renoir racket.

The scene is pullulating with conspirators—with crooked dealers, go-betweens and experts, all on the *qui vive*, all double-crossing one another and finding one another out. The backchat is exceptionally good, the tone engaging—so never mind if we lose track.

CHESS NOTES.

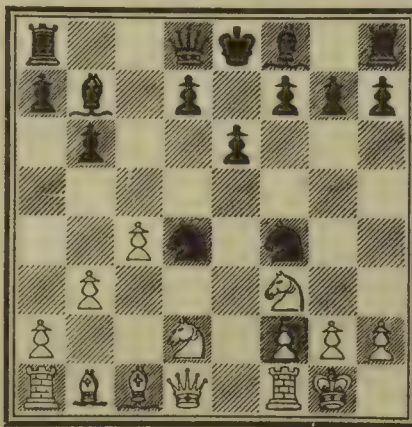
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

A READER reminds me of a little-known game played at Tiflis in 1934, which must surely be one of the most perfect gems in all chess's jewel-box:

GAMBARASH-		GAMBARASH-	
SEREDA.	VILLI.	SEREDA.	VILLI.
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	4. B-Q3	P-QKt3
2. Kt-KB3	P-K3	5. QKt-Q2	Kt-B3
3. P-K3	P-B4	6. P-QKt3	

Colle, the Belgian inventor of this opening system, used to proceed, perhaps a little more soundly, with 6. P-B3 and methodically prepare, by castling, Q-K2 and R-K1, to play P-K4.

6. P×P! 8. Castles Kt-Q4
7. P×P B-Kt2
Threatening to exchange off White's well-placed bishop on Q3 by 9. . . . Kt(B3)-Kt5; if then 10. B-K2? Kt-B6; 11. Q-Kr, Kt×BP wins the queen.
9. P-B4 Kt-B5 10. B-Ktr Kt×QP



An unpleasant shock—the precursor of many for White. The offer of the knight is perfectly sound.

For if now 11. Kt×Kt, Black threatens mate on the move by 11. . . . Q-Kt4; and if then 12. P-Kt3 or 12. P-KKt4, there comes 12. . . . Kt-R6 mate!

11. B-Kt2 Kt(Q5)-K7ch 12. K-R1 Q-Kt4!
Again threatening . . . Q×P mate. If now 13. Kt×Q, B×P mate.

13. R-Kt1 Q-Kt5 14. P-KR3 Q-R4
Now threatening 15. . . . Kt×RP; 16. P×Kt, Q×P mate (the knight on White's KB3 is pinned!).
15. B-K4 B×B 17. Kt-R2
16. Kt×B Kt×RP!

The only alternative was 17. P×Kt, Q×Ktch; 18. R-Kt2, Q×RPch; 19. R-R2, Q-B6ch; 20. R-Kt2, Q-B6ch; 21. R-Kt2, Q×Kt, leading to an end-game in which White is three pawns down.

17. Kt×Pch 18. Kt×Kt Kt-Kt6

What is the tally?

Three distinct knight sacrifices, and a fourth one threatened. The offer of a queen.

As if we had not already seen enough beauty, we now have a beautiful smothered mate.

A game in a million!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

DIZYGOTHECA AMAZONIA GILBERTIANA.

MISS JULIANA CROW, author of "Your Indoor Plants" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 10s. 6d.), salts her information with a delicate and charming sense of humour, but on page 150 she loses her temper. I must not, it appears, laugh at the botanical names of plants. If I do, I am guilty of a "horrid form of snobbery," of "nonsense and buffoonery"; I am "silly and tiresome," "aggravating and enraging." Very well. If I must be a buffoon, I must. But will Miss Crow please give me three good reasons why I should accept such names as "gasteria," "dizygotheca" and "testudinaria elephantipes" in solemn silence and reverential awe? (Even Miss Crow herself cannot resist a sly dig at poor "dizygotheca," *alias* "Aralia" "which was prettier and easier to say, but the pure scientists have to have their fun and they changed it around.") As to "testudinaria," he—she, or it—"is a very queer creature. It [thank you, Miss Crow] is also known as Hottentot's Head, Elephant's Foot and Tortoise Plant, and justifies all three."

It may seem rather hard to quarrel so mercilessly with the author of this enchanting little book, but when I turn back the pages, I stand astonished at my own moderation. I do not—repeat *not*—agree that "the bathroom is an excellent place in which to grow plants." No doubt it is true that, "decoratively speaking, they adorn the bathroom as nothing else will. Books and pictures fall to pieces, stuffed humming-birds get mouldy and only the strongest furniture survives for long. Plants, on the other hand, grow larger and lovelier day by day." Bathing in comfort presents, in most modern households, strategic and tactical problems of its own. I do not propose to add to them by having to hew my way to the bath, *machete* in hand, through a tangle of ever larger and lovelier vegetation—and stuffed humming-birds have never figured in my wildest ablutionary imaginings, anyhow.

Miss Margaret E. Jones and Mr. H. F. Clark, joint authors of "Indoor Plants and Gardens" (Architectural Press; 18s.), adopt a far more lofty attitude to botanical names, which are scattered about through their work in awe-inspiring profusion. One is tempted to feel that if some red-faced vandal were to laugh at this imposing display, the cacophonous cackling would hardly reach the erudite ears of the authors except as the faintest aural susurrs. (Some of my friends know Latin, too). Yet the instructions which they give for cultivating these high-sounding exotics are full and clear, and the illustrations, typography and general presentation of the book are first-class. A short historical introduction is full of good things, including a description of Shirley Hibberd's "Rustic Adornments for Homes of Taste," first published in 1856: "Its purpose was soundly moral and uplifting: 'to enlarge the circle of domestic pleasures . . . to quicken observation . . . to strengthen family ties . . . to cheer the loneliest with amusements . . . and help the soul in its aspirations by conducting it away from disturbing scenes. . . .'" These are large claims, but the Victorian was always robust in his enthusiasms.

Breathlessly I turned to what the authors of these two books had to say about the aspidistra. Miss Crow is rather sharp with the poor thing. Messrs. Jones and Clark treat it with objective and cautious impartiality, admitting that "there may be two opinions about its beauty." They then point out that "in the days of gas lighting these were almost the only plants that would, happily, inhale and flourish in coal-gas fumes. The Aspidistra was not called the cast-iron plant for nothing." How delightful to find that it symbolises not only "Victorian self-satisfaction and cushioned comfort," but also those bulldog qualities which carried the Victorians to equatorial lands, where they refused to discard the top-hat and frock-coat of civilisation!

Top-hats were not worn by Sebastian Snow and John Brown author of "Two Against the Amazon" (Hodder and Stoughton; 16s.). As with war books, it is possible to have too much of travel books, especially when the travellers will not lift their noses from the scent of some abstruse scientific problem. It seemed to me that the discovery of the sources of the Amazon might become somewhat tedious if handled in this manner. But that was before I made the acquaintance of Messrs. Brown and Snow. John Brown, who has recorded their adventures, has set up a record by being the only author of a travel-book to score more marks for his observation of his fellow-countrymen than of the remote peoples into whose territories they elbowed their way. About the dwellers in the Andes he is interesting and informative. About the English (and, in their context, the Americans) he is devastatingly witty. Here, for instance, is the last paragraph of the book: "All travellers figure in conversations like this on their return: 'Hello, haven't seen you for a long time—been away?' 'Yes, been doing a bit of climbing.' 'Where, in Wales?' 'No, the Andes.' 'Mm. Good way off, isn't it? You must have missed the Festival of Britain?' 'Yes, afraid I did.' 'Well, I can tell you all about it, the whole inside story. Good thing you ran into me. . . .'" The chapter on "Hints for Travellers" is practical and sardonic: "Language. One can get along somehow, as

Snow says, with loud, clear English everywhere, but a knowledge of Spanish is handy on occasion in Central and South America." As John Brown, the narrator, says: "The disappointed are always young," but their disappointment is not always so stimulating to others.

The County Books are splendid works to collect, and "Berkshire," by Ian Yarrow (Robert Hale; 18s.), is one of the best in this long and satisfying series. Mr. Yarrow is a naturalist, and his book, as one would expect, contains a good proportion of bird-and-beast lore, but he does not let his special interest swamp his theme, which meanders pleasantly through meadows of history, geography and anecdote, so that the least Berkshire-minded of his readers may enjoy it to the full.

I have lately proclaimed myself a Gilbert-and-Sullivan addict in this column, and I must spare a line or two to welcome Miss Gladys Davidson's "Stories from Gilbert and Sullivan" (T. Werner Laurie; 15s.). Here are the stories of the operas, told in good, straightforward style, with short biographies of the authors, lists of first lines, and a remarkably full and useful index.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

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February

It is pleasant to toss pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, as an old custom reminding us of the days when life moved more slowly. Few of us, however, would wish to put the clock back, for in the twentieth century we enjoy many advantages. Among these are the services of the Midland Bank, providing the extensive banking facilities required in the modern world:

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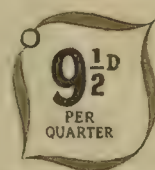


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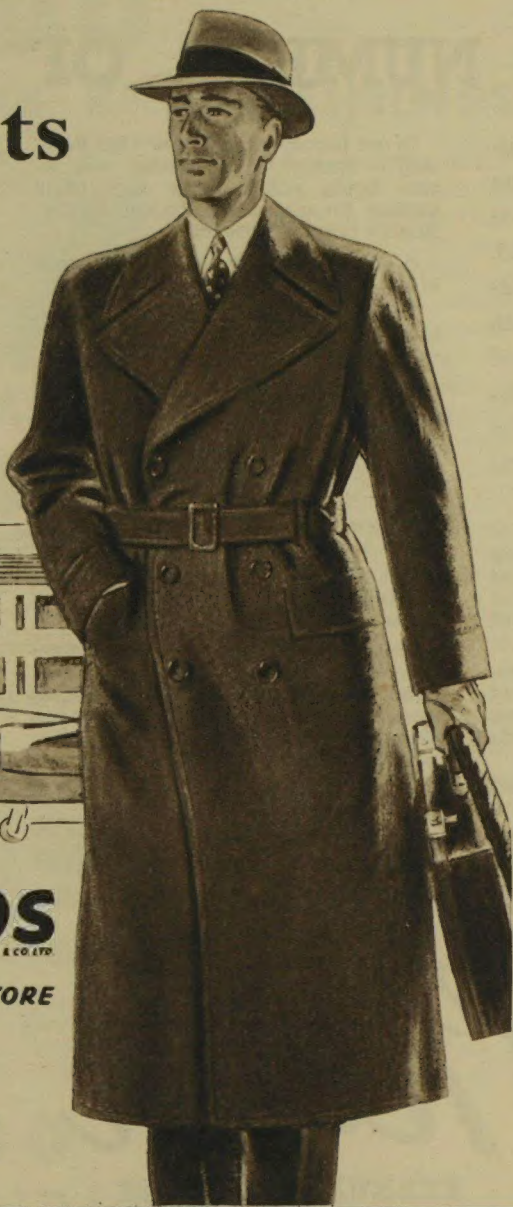
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A JUBILEE NUMBER OF

The SKETCH—sister to *The Illustrated London News*—was born (on original but not unfilial lines, so it was said) on February 1, 1893. Thus, this week it celebrates its sixtieth birthday, and to distinguish the occasion, the editorial theme of its current issue is attuned naively, and with some false modesty, to the atmosphere of the eighteen-nineties! For example:

The frontispiece is a photograph of Queen Victoria taken at about the time of the birth of *The SKETCH*. She was the first of six sovereigns through whose reigns *The SKETCH* has continued without a break in publication.

There is a description, with photographs, of the wedding of the Earl of Dalkeith, grandfather of the Earl whose marriage took place recently in the presence of the Royal family.

An article entitled "*The Things We Did*," with illustrations; this being a survey of the odd and amusing items discovered in our first issues.

A page of pictures of the Kaiser at Cowes, on the occasion of a State visit.

A double-page of lovely women of 1893.

In our literary page—"Our 1893 Bookshelf"—RUPERT CROFT-COOKE will review books published by such rising authors, for example, as THOMAS HARDY, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON!

A double-page of joke cartoons typical of the humour of the 'nineties.

In our *Sporting Background* article, LOUIS STANLEY will survey the field of sport in 1893.

Two pages of reproductions of paintings reflecting the art trends of the 'nineties.

On our *Theatre* page, J. C. TREWIN will "attend" the first performance of "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*," the first performance of "*A Woman of No Importance*," and other interesting plays of 1893.

Our motoring correspondent, WILLIAM HARTLEY, will describe a full-scale road test of an 1893 car.

There will also be a 4-page FASHION PORTFOLIO dealing with the fashion trends of 1893, and other pages will be made up of interesting and amusing extracts and pictures from the 1893 files of *The SKETCH*.

A heavy demand is anticipated for this unique issue of *The SKETCH* and you are advised to order a copy without delay from your regular bookstall or newsagent.

The Sketch

FEBRUARY 11 ISSUE



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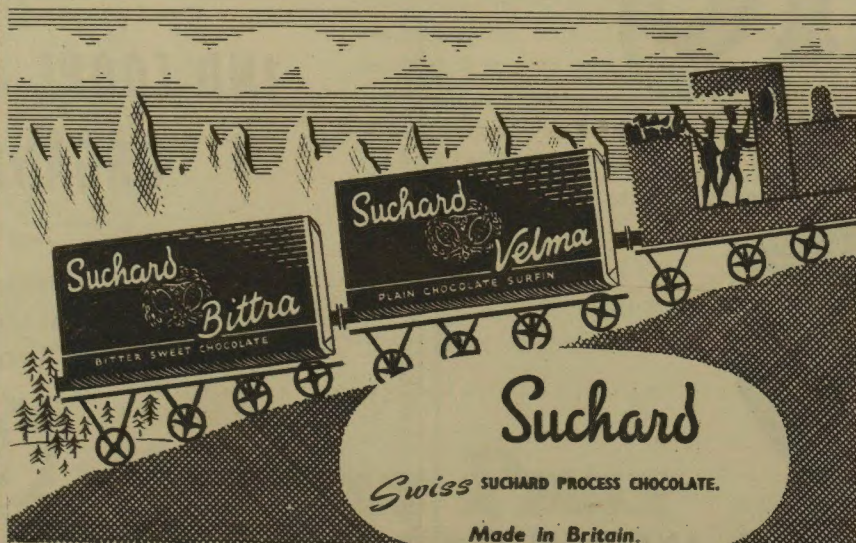
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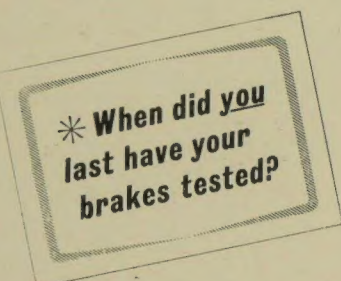
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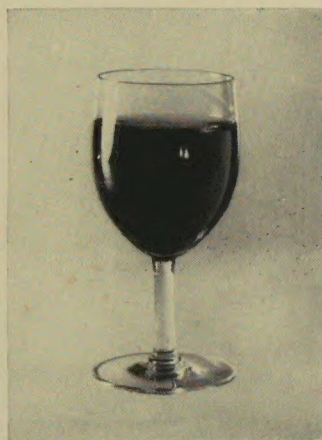
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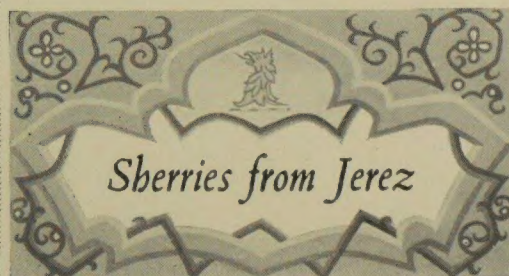
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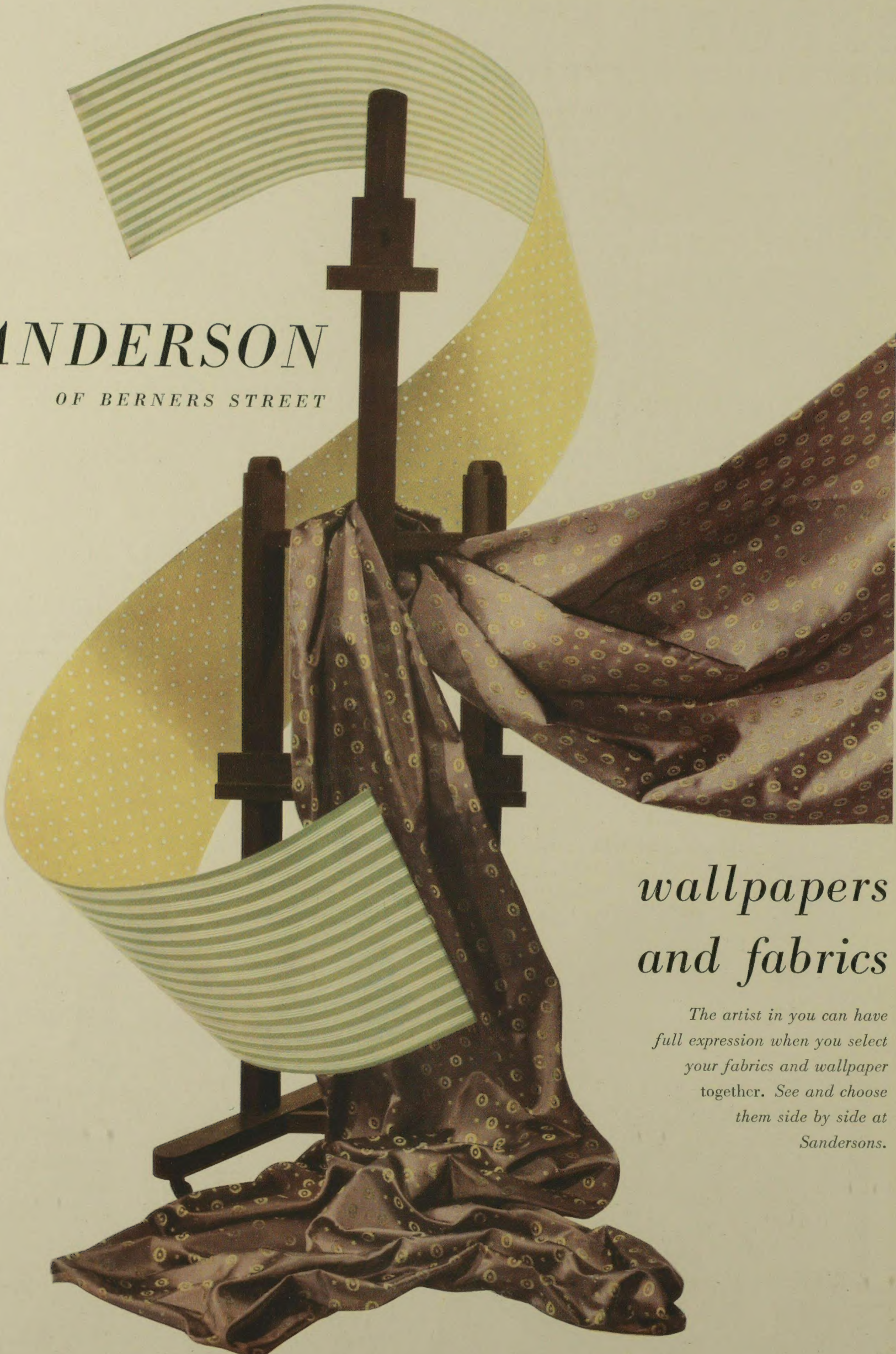


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